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Choice Poetry.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

'Tis the time
When the chime
[illegible] season's choral band is ringing out
Smoky brightness fills the air,
For the light winds everywhere
[illegible]ers full of flowery embers swing about
There is sweetness that oppresses,
As a tender parting blesses,
There's a softened glow of beauty,
As when Love is wreaking Duty
There are melodies that seem
[illegible]ng past and future into one mild dream.

To her bier
Comes the year
[illegible] with weeping and stillness, as mortals do
[illegible]ut, to guide her way to it,
All the trees have torches lit
[illegible]ng red the maples shine, the woodlands through
[illegible]ray with maize, in the core,
Waves their golden tapers purer
Flickering burn the beeches yellow,
With the oak and walnut mellow.
Dark, and paler round hemlocks lie
[illegible]ness side, And mourning that they cannot die.

Through the trees
Takes the breeze
[illegible] there rings a merry peal, and hills again
Send leaves, shaken by the sound,
Slowly float and drop around.
[illegible]s can wake and silence the ingots of pain
Dead leaves for open earth's bosom,
Side by side with many a blossom—
Constance, fringed with azure glory
Sky flakes, dropped on meadows loury
Asters, fields and woods to sparkle
By angel natures from their starry barks

Here to her
When the year
[illegible] behind the Indian Summer's hazy veil
Time to silently Away,
Time to [illegible] in the spirit!
Heavenly hopes are springing near it
[illegible]s, a happy child, rejoices,
Singing with low angel voices
When such autumn days are done,
A Crown behind the haze of Spirit Time!

Universal Era.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS: A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHADOWDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED.

The slow, heavy step of the old family physician was heard upon the stairs, and a moment after the chamber door was thrown open by a servant, who preceded and announced him, and Dr Henry entered. He was a large, portly old gentleman, whose benignant countenance expressed all the genial humors which ignorance and pomposity are not, and suffering are not able to cloud. He advanced into the room, and Daniel Hunter arose and came forward to meet him, explained to him the accident that had happened to the little girl, and directed him to her bed side. The child looked up inquiringly at the stranger bending over her. Doctor Henry spoke cheerfully to the little girl, and stroked her white face as she smiled gently, and replied,

"Not much—anywhere."

He then stooped over her, and cautiously proceeded to an examination of her injuries—felt her head and feeling—first her left arm, which gave forth no pain, and then her right one, at the first touch of which she shrunk and shrieked, and upon its greater pressure she grew pale and sickened and shuddered from head to foot. The kind doctor's good humored countenance instantly clouded—he raised himself up with a deep breath, very like a sigh.

Mrs. Hunter lifted her languid eyelids, and bent her eyes into his with a gaze of intense misery and inquiry. And Daniel Hunter put the question into words by asking

"Is that arm her injuries, sir? Is she much hurt?"

"Her right shoulder is dislocated," answered the doctor, and then turning to Mrs. Hunter, he said he will, strong linen bandages."

He lady, pulled the bell cord, and then, without waiting for the coming of a servant, has from the room to procure the required articles.

Attracted by her actions, beseeching looks, the doctor followed her into the passage-way, closed the door behind him, and found her waiting there.

"Doctor, what are you going to do?"

"To set the child's shoulder, madam."

"Oh, doctor, will it not be a very painful process?"

"Yes, madam, but it will be a short one, and one must hold her. And the sooner we do it set, of course, the easier for her will be operation."

Mrs. Hunter shuddered, but turned away and entered into an adjoining linen closet, where she procured the material for the bandages.

The doctor returned to the sick room, where the lady soon joined him.

Seeing these preparations, the hurt child turned her gentle eyes anxiously from one to another.

Mrs. Hunter tenderly replied to these questioning glances by stooping over her and kissing her lips, and saying,

"Your little shoulder is out of place, love, but the good doctor is going to set it right for you."

An involuntary expression of fear and dread passed over the child's lovely face, and she looked appealingly in the lady's eyes.

Mrs. Hunter suppressed her rising emotion, and answered calmly to that fear:—

"Yes, my child, it will give you pain, but I will hold you to my arms, and you will bear it all, my little heroine."

The little girl smiled and nodded assent, and clasped the lady's fingers in her small hand.

"I am ready," said Doctor Henry.

"Can you hold her, Mrs. Hunter? Are you strong enough? Can you control her? She must be held *perfectly* still—not permitted to start or struggle," asked Daniel Hunter.

"I will, sir, madam, she must not be permitted to move—she must be held fast," said the doctor.

"Indeed I will be very good. I will be very still if you will let the lady hold me," pleaded the child, turning her gentle eyes from one to the other.

"I can control her," said Mrs. Hunter, sitting down on a low chair and preparing to receive her in her lap.

Daniel Hunter raised the little invalid most tenderly, and laid her in the lady's arms, palid trembling with the pain that even this slight motion occasioned.

The doctor then knelt upon one knee, and placing his left hand at the back of her shoulder blade, and taking hold of her shoulder joint with his right hand, slowly let his whole strength upon her little limb and forced it back into its socket.

The patient child uttered no cry, but her very lips blanched and sprang quivering apart—and when all was over she had fainted from agony. Her shoulder was carefully and strongly bandaged in its place, and the little sufferer was laid upon her bed, and means were taken to restore her to consciousness. And when she recovered from her fainting fit, the doctor, leaving directions that she should be kept still and upon a low diet, departed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter watched silently by her bed side, until, from exhaustion, she had fallen asleep, and then Augusta spoke

"We shall not go to-morrow I suppose, Mr. Hunter? We cannot leave this dear child in this condition?"

"No—no," said Daniel Hunter, meditatively, "we cannot leave her so."

A servant now appeared at the chamber-door, and, bowing, said that Doctor Henry sent his respects, and requested to see Mr. Hunter below stairs. Daniel Hunter arose and went down. He had been summoned only to be informed of the fate of the unfortunate coachman whose cowardice and imprudence had been the occasion of his death. To have the poor mutilated corpse laid out for burial—to give orders for the funeral to take place on the ensuing day—and to mount a messenger on horseback, and send to Silver Creek to inform Ellen of the condition of her foster child, occupied Daniel for the remainder of the day. And when late in the afternoon he visited the sick child, he found that fever had set in, and she was wandering in delirium.

Ellen came the next morning. The child was very ill for three days, and then came the crisis, and the healthy reaction. And Ellen returned to Silver Creek, leaving her foster daughter in the care of Mrs. Hunter.

The days of the little girl's convalescence were the very sweetest days of her life. She lay in that downy, fragrant bed, propped up with pillows, with the lady that she loved so passionately sitting ever by her side, performing all a mother's tender, loving services to her, bathing her face and hands with perfumed water, gently combing out her hair, bringing her little, delicate, nutritious messes, telling her stories, or singing her to sleep. It was like a dream of Heaven to the child. One morning Sylvia lay in the lady's arms while the chamber-maid was making up her bed. And the child drew her arms around Mrs. Hunter, and nestled her head in her bosom and murmured

"*My own dear mother!*"

And the lady caressed her softly, and whispered,

"Yes—call me mother always, my darling—I love to hear you call me so. Your sweet lips are the first that ever spoke that word to my ears. Honoria always called me mamma. You are the first that ever called me mother. And you did it unbiddingly—that makes me happy."

"I could not help it, *dear mother!* It came right from my heart to my lips, and I couldn't keep it back. And I never called any one but you my mother."

"Hon. was B. love, that you never called Mrs. O'Leary so?"

"I don't know, lady, unless it was that she taught me so. I know when I was a very little child she used to call me and say—'Come to its Ellen.'"

"That was it, my darling. And so, my child never called any one mother before me?"

"No indeed, lady."

"And I never was called mother before you called me so," said Mrs. Hunter, her face radiating a soft light of joy as she caressed her little girl.

It was a happy time for both, and the lady improved the rapidly passing days by strengthening the little girl's mind for the impending separation. She told her that it was very possible that Mr. Hunter and herself might be able to return home as soon as he should have concluded the state affair that carried him to Paris. She promised that they would correspond frequently in the meantime. And she so calmed and fortified the child's mind, that when the day of parting arrived and she took her home to Silver Creek, and took a final leave of her, the separation was made much easier, and Maud, comforted and hopeful, lived on sweet memories of the lady, and bright anticipations of her return.

CHAPTER XXV

LESLIE'S HOME.

Though carry on Wisdom hopes and her
Beyond the progress of these years—
Yet now dare weeks and months but seem
The recollection of a dream:
We glide down to the sea
Of [illegible] eternity. Byron.

Several years passed before the child and the lady met. Indeed the child and the lady never met again—for in the years of absence the child became the woman. Had either at the moment of their parting suspected the length of time that should separate them, scarcely could they have borne to say "good-bye." But hope buoyed them up at their leave-taking—and hope attended them, promising fairly through all the years of absence, until seven years glided away—and brought near the period when they should meet again. Those years had been full of changes to all with whom our narrative is concerned.

First—the dear old folks at home!—old Daniel Hunter and his wife, full of years and good works, were gathered to their fathers. After life a fitful fever *they slept well.* All their children were around them in their last hours—all but Daniel Hunter. The great statesman had not the privilege of the poorest, humblest of the people: the privilege of receiving his old parents' dying blessing, and closing their eyes, and performing for them the last, mournful offices of love and veneration.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hunter passed all these years at the greatest courts of Europe. It was in this manner—soon after Mr. Hunter had most satisfactorily concluded the diplomatic business that carried him to Paris, and while he was preparing for his return to his native country—the then American Minister to the Court of France, was recalled, and Daniel Hunter, the successful diplomatist, was appointed to fill his vacated place. After a residence of two or three years at the French Court, Mr. Hunter was sent to Russia, and subsequently to England. Daniel Hunter had certainly scarcely a rival in the estimation of the administration at Washington. But in the meantime, while winning fresh laurels as a diplomatist by his skillful and successful negotiations abroad, and gaining golden opinions from the Government at home, he was fast loosing ground in the love of the people. During his long continued absences from his native country, himself and his great services were suffered to fall into forgetfulness by the fickle and ingratiatul populace.

His own party in his own state, had a new hero—a young demigod. Fatsos O'Leary, whose name became a party war-cry, which, thundered among the mountains, could at any time convene a meeting or carry away a mob. A single orator, whose magic might lay in the burning wild fire of unconventional, uncontrolled and uncontrollable passions and eloquence. A young demi-god, demi-demon, blessed or cursed with that mighty mastery for good or evil over other human heads and hearts that had happened to the little girl, and elected him to her bed side. The child looked up inquiringly at the stranger bending over her. Doctor Henry spoke cheerfully to the little girl, and stroked her white face as she smiled gently, and replied,

would have had his seat in the State Legislature, or in the national Congress, had he not been by the provisions of the Constitution two or three years too young. As it was, as far as influence in his own district could go, he could send whom he pleased thither.

Ellen was dead. The weak, gentle creature slowly declined for several years, and easily sank away into her everlasting rest. During her gradual decay, Maud turned her with more than a daughter's tenderness and devotion. At intervals during the last six weeks of her life, Ellen had written a long, loving letter to Honoria, and inclosed it in one to Mrs. Daniel Hunter, requesting that lady to deliver it to her daughter, if she saw no objection, and when she thought proper.

After the death of Ellen, Sylvia kept the cottage. The lovely child had bloomed into a lovely woman, a maiden whose superb beauty must have immortalized her in the old heroic times, or deified her in the ancient Olympic ages. It is seldom in these matter-of-fact days, that a maiden, however beautiful, wins a romantic fantastic beauty—as Sylvia did gain such an one. The poetic taste of Mr. Bill Iper baptized her "the Star of Silver Creek," and as such, through mountain and valley, the peerless maiden was known. Falconer considered her as his own dear sister, he said. But surely never was a sister loved with such a fierce, jealous, vigilant affection. It was very strange, but very true. I cannot could clearly make out Falconer; he seemed, in the devotion towards the beautiful girl, very much like the dragon that guarded the golden apples in the gardens of the Hesperides—or rather, in sober truth, he was more like the faithful dog in the manger—he did not seem to want the maiden for himself, and he would not let any one else have her—no, nor even so much as come and take a look at her lovely face. He did not seem in the slightest degree disposed to change their relation of brother and sister into a sweeter and dearer one—yet, he fiercely and inexorably set his face against the approaches of any other young man, however worthy he might be of his consideration. He watched her closely—he guarded her vigilantly. He escorted her when ever she left the cottage. Even at church—for a youth under a glamour of admiration of the maiden, it threw Falconer into a passion—and at the village, if the handsome clerks were tempted to step to her door, it was sufficient to destroy her mother's peace for a week. Finally, he never forgave Mr. Bill Iper for christening his lovely sister. The Star of Silver Creek and so crushing her the beautiful exhibitor of the rustic Falconer's jealousy of Sylvia extended even to those of her own sex. It made him angry to see the beauty of a circle of girls smiling and chatting in the church-yard. She could get no good from them, he said, they would do her harm—the silly, chattering, featherbrained creatures! The fact was, that all these girls had brothers and cousins who admired Sylvia—as they must have done, of course—and Falconer was very jealous that should Sylvia from the knowledge of such a fact.

Gentle as Sylvia was, she certainly liked to do as she pleased, especially as she generally pleased to do right. Of intellect eminently active, independent and original, she never gave expression to a new idea, or a daring speculation, without receiving an instantaneous check from her brother. Of affection singularly warm, social and clinging, her heart never reached out its tendrils to Love and sympathy, even from her own sex, without being nipped by the frost of Falconer's jealous interference.

Just in proportion to his love seemed his desire to subject her to his own will, to control her, body, soul and spirit—thoughts, affections and principles. He seemed to wish to surround, envelope, and absorb her individuality, her life, into his own. And he was jealous, resentful, antagonistic and uncompromising with any thing or any person that militated against this desire.

Loving freedom of thought, speech and action with passionate enthusiasm, Sylvia felt this growing surveillance, this constant constraint, this most unreasonable despotism, becoming daily more intolerable. The most solitary hours when she felt this restraint with a sense of imprisonment, and this oppression with a feeling of suffocation. And her free spirit wildly beat its wings against the power seeking to close around it.

It would have been easy to throw off the yoke of any being less loving, less devoted and self-sacrificing than Falconer. But when he saw that she was ready to give up his most important business, or his greatest pleasure, for her slightest comfort or convenience, when she knew his anxiously he thought for her, studied for her, when she knew that his deep interest in her had already given to his young home the shield, the young girl had assumed this duty so exclusively to herself, that Mrs. Lovel, after once giving her leave, never thought of interfering or participating in it. And if Mrs. Hunter suddenly appeared at home at any hour or the day or night, she would have found her home ready to receive her.

Sylvia's visits to the Hall were as little to Falconer's taste, as her correspondence with Mrs. Hunter, and even less so. If she must write to Mrs. Hunter, why she must, he supposed; but why should she go toadying over to the Hall? She could get no good there, he said. In the temples of such imperfect lady as Mrs. Lovel, she would only learn to despise all true worth in man or woman that was not emblazoned over with the splendor of wealth or rank—i. e. she might learn to compare Falconer himself with polished gentlemen of society, who sometimes found their way to the Hall, though never by any chance to Silver Creek. Falconer thought that the lovely girl had only to be seen in order to be worshipped. Could the boy only once have had the opportunity of fairly comparing himself with those decided admirers of the great world, he might have felt easier in his mind—for none could have successfully competed with the free limbed, ruddy cheeked, young mountaineer.

Once during a visit the maiden paid at Howlet Hall, she had met a city portrait painter, who was staying there for the purpose of taking the likenesses of Mrs. Lovel's pretty children—he had expressed a desire of taking the portrait of the beautiful girl, and Mrs. Lovel had kind Sylvia at the Hall for several days for that purpose. When Falconer learned the name that had caused him such a pang, he flew to the guest-table rage with the painter, with Mrs. Lovel, with himself, with fate, with every thing, circumstance and person except Sylvia—for in all these things he seemed not in charging the maiden foolishly. You must not blame the boy too harshly; there was nothing in his environments to counsel his jealousy, indeed, from his birth up to that of his half cousin, he had only had to do with himself, and time, and discipline the nature that hitherto has been neglected. His sister was the only one about whom he had ever been compelled to think upon—about whom, all most every moment, was to be in fear from him—he thought and feared. He especially dreaded the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, they would settle at the Hall, with their inexplicable dependence, and their numerous and distinguished connections, from whom the humble Falconer would be separated by the luxury for Sylvia—and how much that would be heightened when they should see her transcendent beauty—they would have her always with them—she would be thrown as one into the whirl of society—she would be carried away, and he himself left to go to the demons. He not this and feared their coming, and thereby produced the very circumstance after circumstance anew to obtain them abroad. And when Daniel Hunter was sent to Russia, Falconer inconsolately wailed that he might be sent thither to Siberia, before ever he should turn his steps homeward.

One evening, about the middle of November, Sylvia was sitting and knitting alone in the little parlor where ever Ellen sat and knitted. The tea-table was ready, the fire burning brightly, and the tea-kettle singing before it. Sylvia was restless, and jumped up often to look out where the light of the setting sun and the rising moon fought from opposite points upon the rude mountain rocks, but not upon sea or moon, mountain or river, was Sylvia looking now with any other emotion than the wish for her brother's return from the Fastening. perchance with a letter from Mrs. Hunter. The watched for seldom come, but when she gave up looking and sat quietly down to her work to wait—then most likely of the door was lifted, and Falconer came in. He threw the expected letter in her lap. It bore a foreign stamp. She tore it open and devoured its contents with a countenance that grew brighter and brighter as she read. She finished it with an exclamation of joy—

"Oh, Mrs. Hunter! she is coming home, Falconer! she is coming home! I am so, so happy!"

With a sound between a sigh and a groan, Falconer tossed his hat from him, threw himself into a chair, and dropped his head into his hands, over which his raven locks fell like a fringe.

"Why, what is the matter, Falconer? Are you tired? Does your head ache? Aunt Molly, come and fill up the tea-pot. Does your head ache, Falconer?"

"No, my heart aches. Don't trouble yourself about me, Sylvia. You'll be ashamed of it some of these days when you put over yonder, and see some splendid, magnificent fellow or other, who will be coming to make a great lady of you."

"Ah! Falconer—don't you are tired and silly, you young bear you."

"Ah! *that's it!* I know I was a young bear! a bear's cub! an unlicked cub! I always knew you thought so!"

"*Why, Falconer!* But you are in one of your—never mind, you will feel better when you get a cup of tea. Come along, Aunt Molly."

"Sylvia, I asked you not to trouble yourself about me. Tea will do me no good. I am not so much under the dominion of the material as that comes to, either. Besides, I could not swallow a mouthful anymore than if I had the hydrophobia."

"Oh, Falconer! you never got, Aunt Molly. Falconer! what is the matter?"

"I never saw a creature like a girl! It I happen to be depressed, you must fidget me and make me worse."

This petulance was so unlike the usual profound earnestness of Falconer's nature, that it struck the maiden as unreal, assumed; and she burst down into a silvery, musical laugh.

Falconer started up, pushed his chair behind him, and strided up and down the floor in great excitement. She watched in perplexity his most unreasonable agitation, and after a little while inquired in a gentle, and tone.

"Falconer, are you not pleased because Mr and Mrs. Hunter are coming home?"

"Pleased!" he exclaimed, pausing abruptly in his hasty walk—"no, you know I am not pleased. You know I hate, detest, abhor the very name of that man, and you ask me if I am not pleased?"

"But Mrs. Hunter, Falconer—"

"What is she to us, or what are we to her? She is like her husband. They are off of a page, renegade republicans! upstart aristocrats! Away with them! We don't want them here! Let them stay where they are—it suits them better. Let them mix themselves in the glare of foreign courts!" he exclaimed in bitter scorn and anger. His violent temper often alarmed the maiden very much, but she could not but this time. It would not be right, she felt. She replied gently, but timidly.

"There is no one in the world more worthy of love, honor and reverence, than Daniel Hunter, and his dear lady—no, not even Mrs. Lovel. There is no one under Heaven that I love and honor and reverence so much as them."

He stood and gnawed his under lip, and glared at her till a cricket of white dismay around his features, and clenchingly exclaimed.

"You—you do! You—you even it?"

"I should deserve to die, if I did not," replied Sylvia, firmly still, though she turned pale.

He started and flung himself out of the house, banging the door behind him with a force that shook the rafters. And what became of him for the next two or three hours no one knew, but his own evil demons.

Sylvia waited some time for her brother's return—but as he did not come and she had no inclination to take her tea alone, and she thought the old people in the kitchen would want theirs, she called Aunt Moll to come and take away the service. When the old lady came in and began to put up the tea-cups, and saw that they had not been used, she said,

"Hi! honey—what for you no take your tea? Where beyond you? Mose pettin' on nice Tahs! Whar de debbil mise Falconer? Must think himself some sort o' man. Been tryin' to walk over me dese seven, ever since his mother put him in his first pair o' breeches, 'dead has to I 'member of it well! Dead. Lord knows I does think it is the unreformatories' thing that ever was, for a young youth not to have anybody to make him have himself. You could, if you would."

"Mr. Aunt Molly!"

"Go 'way from here! you know you could! He isn't you so much, he done turned a fool! He so jealous, he dunno which way to put his self. Don't you suffer to nonsense now! Somebody be sorry for how he's hated himself. He mostly sad here pendent. Don't you have to-day! tell to say to him. Don't speak to him for a week. When you pours out his cup o' coffee, shove it at him like you didn't care whether he took it or not—nothing' 'tall 'bout him, and hoist bother way and pet the cat, they can't bear dat: it puts der pipe out, 'mostly. Dat's de way I had to break old man Len in!"

"Oh, Aunt Molly—how can you say that of Uncle Len. I am sure I think he is so good, and always was."

"Well, chile, so he was—tole'ble—tole'ble—I—do dear, ole cherubim? But Lor', chile, do best o' de exercise—even de best o' 'em!"

The old woman was making a cup of tea while saying this, and how she brought it to Sylvia, and put one arm coaxingly around her shoulders, and held the cup almost to her lips, asking her to drink it for her ole aunty. And Sylvia laughed, and took the offered refreshment. Then the old creature, in better spirits, cleared away the tea service, and drew the work-stand and footstool to her mistress's chair, set a candle, upon the stand and bade her good-night. Sylvia was knitting a set of white lamb's wool clock-stockings for Mrs. Lovel's little children. She was still busy in counting and turning the pretty fantastical meshes, when the door opened quietly, and Falconer came in. He closed the door, and as she looked up, he came to her, and sank down on the carpet by her side, and laid his head on her lap—just as he had often in similar circumstances laid it on his mother's. And Sylvia bent over him, running her fingers through his raven locks with the same soothing tenderness that Ellen had always shown.

"Sylvia," he said, "do you remember the promise you made my mother on her death bed? Sylvia, why don't you answer me? Speak to me."

"Surely, I remember it, and surely I will keep it, Falconer."

"Sylvia, will you redeem that promise to-morrow? Will you set me at rest forever? Oh, speak, Sylvia! You are so slow to answer!—Will you redeem that promise to—your promise given to my dying mother, to-morrow?"

"I cannot to-morrow, Falconer," said Sylvia, gently.

"Cannot! You can! You must, Sylvia! *Indeed, indeed, you must!*"

"Indeed, I cannot, Falconer! Pray, do not urge me!"

"Why can you not, then, if you will be so good as to tell me?"

"Falconer," she replied, a little reproachfully, "haven't I told you, long ago, that I never wished to give myself away before Mrs. Hunter came back?"

"Mrs. Hunter again! What, in the name of all the angels, has Mrs. Hunter to do with you, or you with Mrs. Hunter? Do you belong to her? tell me that."

"No—I wish to heaven I did! but she has expressed a wish that I should not—should not!"

"Should not to be married until her return?"

"Yes, Falconer."

"Selfish, heartless, designing woman—she has some evil purpose in that!"

"Falconer!" exclaimed Sylvia, and, choking back some one of the other words, she burst into tears.

"Forgive me, Sylvia! forgive me! I am mad when I get upon the subject of the Hunters, and miserable when I think of losing you! I dread—I know not what—from their arrival—from their influence over you! I know how it will be: they will interfere between us; they will tell you that I am a mad fellow, a ruffian, a radical, moon-struck maniac, doomed to get his fiery brains blown out, if he comes to no worse fate! *Worse fate!* Ah! there! Ah! God! They will tell you—they will tell you—"

"But will they tell me—what can they tell me that can separate us? I belong to myself, and can give myself to whom I please, and I promised myself to you. Now, what can they tell me to separate us?" she asked, in a tone of ineffable tenderness.

"They will tell you—they will tell you—that which I ought to have told you long ago—that which I ought to tell you now—that which I will tell you though the words cleave my heart in two! Sylvia, I am the son of a man who was a traitor!"

She gave a sudden bound, clasped his hands tightly, and then grew still.

He continued, speaking rapidly.

"There! there! *that* was my shame! my grief! my agony! That was what turned my heart into a hell, and made me half a maniac! *That* made me your oppressor, Sylvia, for I loved you madly! madly! and with that shameful secret kept from you! Yes, my father was hanged! Every one in the county knew it but you! *That* was the reason why I debarred you from all young society, lest you should learn it from them! I feared to tell you, but I should have you! for I loved you so madly, so selfishly, that it made me a coward and a hypocrite! I, who could lead a multitude which way I willed, I was a very slave or petty tyrant to your presence! *That* was the reason why I never urged our marriage—for, with all my criminal hesitation, I never designed to marry you without telling you! You have my secret! Thank God, I have been able to tell it at last! And now, Sylvia, while my good angel is strong within me, I release you from your promise! You are free, Sylvia." And he began to arise from his knees.

But she clasped his hands and detained him, gazing with her heavenly eyes upon his troubled face. And her words fell like heavenly blessing on his ears.

"I do not now even ask you whether your father was innocent or guilty. But I tell you that, to-morrow, if you please, I will go to church with you and become your wife."

"Sylvia! Sylvia! are you crazy?" exclaimed Falconer, starting up and in a tone of voice indescribable, from its blending of doubt with unutterable joy.

"No, my poor, dear harrassed boy—my boy who would be a giant if he had but faith. I am in earnest—I will be your wife to-morrow!"

"Oh, my dear Sylvia! Yes! if I had had but faith even in you to have told you my secret sorrow before, how much anguish it had saved me! And you never gave Mrs. Hunter the promise she wished to exact?"

"She did not wish to exact a promise. She said she hoped I would not marry until she got home. *I* offered to bind myself by a promise not to do so; but oh! mark the lady's goodness! she would not let me! She said she felt that in any case where her known wishes were not strong enough to restrain me, I ought not to be restrained at all."

"Oh, my dear—my dear Sylvia! Can it be possible, that to-morrow—to-morrow you will be mine forever?"

"Yes. Yours forever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Romance of History.

THE LADY PROFESSOR.

A TALE OF SCIENCE.

Professor Agnesi sat in his study at Bologna, listening wearily to the common-places of condolence which were being regarded for his benefit, by a well meaning, but not less tiresome friend.

The conversation, he was beginning to think, had lasted too long, when it was pleasingly interrupted by the entrance of a beautiful child, some nine or ten years old, who, after hastily greeting the stranger, took a low seat near her father, and bent over a treatise which might well puzzle almost any young lady twice her age.

The visitor uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then earnestly endeavored to persuade the fond father to place some check upon the cultivation of talents, the precocity of which might prove dangerous to her health. The professor replied that his anxious care was to prevent such a calamity, and to that consideration he was ever watchfully alive.

Professor Agnesi had recently lost his wife, to whom he had been devotedly attached, and therefore his only child, so strongly resembling her mother in her features, and so closely sympathizing with her father in his studies, had become doubly dear to him. Years passed on: as languages" yielded their stores to her unwearied energies: at eighteen she had completely mastered them, and turned to some more solid food for her yet hungering, expanding mind; she found congenial employment in unravelling the sublime difficulties of philosophy and mathematics. But was it possible that she, an Italian girl, could amuse herself with theses and geometry, without awakening at that sweetest chord of the human heart, a touch of which thrills so powerfully through all the being?

The fame of her beauty, her learning, and her probable wealth, (for her father's position as Professor at the University of Bologna was generally understood to be a lucrative one,) attracted many; her admirers, her lovers, were not few in number, but the many wooed in vain; it was an age of effeminacy for young men, great attainments were beginning to be but little valued, it was the commencement of that deep lethargy which has since dried up the springs of Italian intellect, and Maria d'Agnesi could not like, much less love, an ignorant man; may she be regarded with profound contempt all who fell short of a certain standard of excellence.

She delighted in the company of the elderly philosophers, who were attracted alike by her father's fame and that of herself, but neither she nor they ever thought of marriage; and if by chance any young man of superior intellect crossed her path, he regarded her as a friend, an instructress, but did not dream of making her a wife.

Thus, heedless of all idea of love, she gave her whole soul to the *Propositiones Philosophicæ*, a defence of which she was preparing to publish.

She was but nineteen when her *Thesis* appeared, yet, scarcely noticing the acclamation of praise which greeted them, she turned her attention immediately to what was to be the great work of her life. From this time young men addressed her with no more words of wooing, but stood aside in admiration.

Her father gloried in his peerless daughter, and her dark eyes, bent upon the problem she was studying, saw not that his health was failing, and that if she had been an unlearned girl, she might have offerer wiled him from his studies, and have contributed to his comforts.

Their pleasant garden walks were seldom trodden by either; their love for each other was all-absorbing; they spent their time in the library together constantly; but it would have been far better for the professor if some wit or laughter could have noticed his unsteady step and with pleasing tyranny have compelled him to take relaxation. Meanwhile, two young men arrived at the University, one to receive the already advanced attainments, the other merely because a short residence in Bologna, with name enrolled on the college list was one of the "features" of the education of youths of rank.

Stefanello di Cinta would have been considered a talented scholar, and proportionately honored, but that in Bologna none shone but Agnesi and his daughter.

To say that Stefanello was intense in intellectual development to the wondrous Maria is not to depreciate him, for he had allowed all the faculties of his mind to grow, whilst hers were put forth but in one direction; nevertheless, he was fascinated with her; to read her Theses with understood, although with some distaste for abstruse controversial tome, yet to read a secret hope that domestic happiness, and the charms of love might call her attention from those high branches of learning; he noted with delight her affection for her father, her purity, her simplicity, her beauty. Could he but make a sufficient impression on her heart, and render himself a desired object than literature, it would be content. This he sedulously strove. Believing that one so unconscious could not conceal her feelings, he determined, when he had a fair chance of success, to throw himself at her feet, and carrying her away from the scene of her literary triumphs, surrounded her with the sweet womanly influences which his mother's home could afford. His friend Adrien thought too much clever people must necessarily agree admirably, secretly acknowledging, however, how much more loveable was his betrothed Bianca. Stefanello's sweet, gentle sister.

Meanwhile, what were Maria's feelings? For the first time, love had found an entry there—the evil that attends the cultivation of only one set of faculties, to the neglect of the other powers and feelings of the immortal soul.—*Harper's London Magazine.*

* Beaudet XII.

* They were a two vols. etc.

† Like Pitcairn and Ingleby.

A SNAKE SAID.—A man was married some three weeks since in one of the Eastern counties. When the ceremony was over, and the register-book brought out, the clergyman inquired what was his father's Christian name. He had been asked what was the likehow for dinner; he could not have looked more puzzled and perplexed. Neither the bride nor the bridegroom nor the groomsman could help him; so at last the bashful and respectful son, scratching his head made answer,—Well, dang it if ever I heard the old chap's first name in my life!" The clergyman was obliged to leave it a blank in the register.—*Liverpool Albion.*

Our Picture Gallery.

NAPLES.—VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

Original Sketches.

FRAGMENTS OF '76.

TRANSCRIBED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF RED-WITZENAU.

NUMBER IV.

THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

The interval between the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, had been employed by the armies in various marches and manœuvres, which, at the time, were unintelligible to the greater portion of the men and officers of both, as well as to the inhabitants of the region which was so unfortunate as to be the theatre of operations. And even at this day we are at a loss, when we try to account for the policy pursued by the respective chiefs. But with their motives I have nothing to do. Nor shall I attempt to assign reasons for their evolutions and stratagems. My object is, with simplicity and brevity, to describe the scenes I actually saw, and the actions in which I participated.

We had been actively employed for several days on the Eastern bank of the Schuylkill, for the purpose of opposing General Howe, when he should attempt to cross the stream. This object he evidently accomplished, without resistance, by a series of movements which I may perhaps detail in a future number. By these, he concealed his real design, and, to a certain extent, overreached the American commander, in consequence of which he was able to continue his march to Philadelphia without fighting. When he had passed the Schuylkill at Fetland, the American army encamped in the neighborhood of Skippack.

The brigade to which I was attached was formed in regular order, early on the evening of the 3d of October, 1777, and every man was furnished with a piece of white paper, which he was directed to fasten securely and conspicuously to his cap. This was done to enable us to recognize our comrades in the dark. It is probable the same thing was done in all the brigades; I can only vouch for what we did ourselves. After this, the order to march was soon given, and we were quickly on our route to Germantown, as we all conjectured,—the place of our destination being known, with certainty, only to our superior officers.—The distance to be traversed could not be much less than twenty miles. Our brigade moved by the Skippack road; but I think there was a column of Americans in motion on nearly all the roads between Schuylkill and Delaware. The point of convergence, as we now know, was at the Market House, near the centre of the village.

The plan of attack was judicious, though its details were necessarily too complicated for accurate execution. Still, if every commander of a corps had faithfully obeyed his instructions, the result would have been different; and the British would have been forced to evacuate Philadelphia, and seek winter quarters where, no doubt, their comforts would have been less. But I must avoid generalities, and hasten to minor details of the battle—to the narration of private and personal adventures and exploits.

Our march was continued, without obstacle or impediment, at a brisk pace, although the health, as well as the shoes of numbers in our ranks, were in pressing need of repair. The object of our commander had been to surprise the enemy, and such had been the promptitude of the march of the central columns, that this part of his design was accomplished.

We came upon the British outposts before it was quite light. Our attack was as sudden and impetuous, as unexpected by the foe. I could see, by the dim light of the early dawn, men running in alarm and consternation from their tents, grasping their muskets in one hand, and the most indispensable articles of a modest man's attire in the other. Many, indeed, in the confusion of surprise, had secured their clothing only, and were running off without their arms.

At every point our attack seemed to be successful. The outposts and pickets were swept with little resistance. We advanced rapidly, and had driven the enemy before us for the distance of perhaps a mile, (but a soldier's estimate of distance, at such a time, cannot pretend to accuracy,) before we had regularly organized resistance to contend against. But soon our work became more earnest. We began to see masses forming in our front, in proper military order. These were composed of troops whose quarters were at a distance from the point of our first onset, and who of course had not been affected by the panic of surprise. Nevertheless, our troops still continued to advance, the enemy's fading back, though now with great regularity and precision, as to prevent any regularity of purpose, seemingly concentrating their force on a designated point, and firing on us while executing their various manœuvres and evolutions.

Before they had assumed this formidable attitude, a number of tents and arms had fallen into our possession, and, as I have since said, and generally believed, a considerable amount of provisions, with various other stores of great importance to our cause, to the state of destitution to which our army had been reduced; but which, as some said, from the negligence or incompetence of several of our staff officers, or, as I think more probable, from a deficiency of means of transportation, were not conveyed, as they should have been, to a distance in our rear, and in the latter part of the day fell again into the hands of the enemy.

When it was discovered that a battalion had been taken post in Chew's House, it was our fate to be subjected to dismal alarms. As we marched up the road in front of the house, to execute this order, a fire was opened upon us from the windows, with swivels, muskets, and apparently every other engine of destruction. At the first discharge we recoiled, our beloved General Nash, and an Aid called Witherspoon, both fell—the first mortally wounded and the last dead. On looking round, I felt an indescribable sensation, partly awe and partly grateful surprise, at finding myself almost the only one unhurt near the place where I stood. Our ranks had not only been thinned—they had been literally mowed down.

I was but a few paces from our General when he fell, and was one of those who assisted in bearing him from the fatal spot. His personal servant soon joined us, as did those of some other officers. As soon as the General's wounds were redressed, so that he could fully understand the state of affairs, he said, "My kind friends, I thank you for this care and attention; but your good offices cannot now avail me. You can still do our country and her cause service. Return to your ranks. Stand by the glorious cause. It deserves all you can suffer. Heaven bless and prosper it. I feel that I have done for it all I shall ever do on this side of the grave." How he was borne to the rude vehicle in which he was carried from the field, I am not informed; for he positively refused the assistance of those who were armed and in a condition for action.

The walls of the mansion were thick, and their solidity proved the excellence of the masonry. No perceptible impression was made on them by the small pieces of artillery first employed against them. Colonel Little's regiment was reduced to a skeleton, and a reinforcement coming on the ground after we had been for a considerable time exposed to this murderous fire, we had an opportunity to pay some attention to our wounded comrades, and to retire to a spot where we could collect our thinned platoons, and bring the survivors into such order as to make us again efficient.

While these engaged, we could occasionally hear the voice of General Wayne, who, as brigade was closely engaged, at no great distance on our right, cheering his men, calling to them to remember the Paoli, and to shout low saying it was better to break a leg than miss the body. They would answer with hurrahs, ringing out, "Aye, aye! we have them now. You turn has come at last!"

The unexpected resistance encountered at Chew's House had been the cause of considerable delay in our advance. But after this interruption, we again began a forward movement. The masses of English that would from time to time form in our front, still retiring on being briskly charged; but their resistance was becoming visibly more obstinate.

Some other of our warriors had been collected and separated, and had fallen into line. A musket-ball, its force, perhaps, nearly spent, struck the lower jar of a young lieutenant named Brush. This was before Baron Steuben* had disarmed the officers, in some measure, by forbidding them to carry fusils in time of action; which, before his appointment, had been a common practice. The young man put his hand to the side of his face, but the course of the ball had been arrested by the resistance of the further jaw; after passing through one cheek, and dislodging two teeth, it remained in his mouth. He took the ball from his mouth, examined it, threw into his flask, and fired, saying,—"Too cheap have that back again!—Old gun! good way it do you!" This mere youth continued at his post during the whole action, although some of his superior officers, particularly his father, who was a Major in the regiment, advised him and even urged him to seek the surgeon, at least to have the wound properly dressed.

Shortly after this occurrence, I saw an American and an English light-horseman engaged in a hand-to-hand combat. They were cutting at each other, as if both were determined to bring the contest to a speedy termination, and each exerting all his skill and science in attack and defence. Such a personal fight, I presume, is unusual in a general battle, nor do I know in it but manner the duel commenced. I soon lost sight of them, as their steeds were moving on while the riders were contending for victory.—The American was no doubt the successful champion, as a horseman similar in appearance to him was afterwards seen returning towards the point where some of our cavalry were posted, leading a horse, which those who had seen the struggle, supposed to be that of his vanquished antagonist.

The troops that marched down the Ridge Road, consisting chiefly of militia, who were to reach the scene of action by School Lane from Vanderin's, since called Robinson's mill, did not arrive at the critical moment on which so much depends in military exercises. This was also the case with some corps which were to approach the scene by Church Lane from the York Road. Still the day might have been won, notwithstanding this failure of timely co-operation, and imperfect execution of the Commander-in-chief's plan, had it not been for the inexcusable mistake of a general officer, by whom a regiment was ordered, for which disastrous blunder he was cashiered, and ignominiously dismissed from the service.

His incompetency, to call it by no harsher an epithet, ruined all our fine prospects. The troops amongst whom this order first spread, were soon thrown into a state of confusion, which was gradually communicated to others at a distance from the point whence it emanated. Nor was it long before the general disorder became irremediable. Men of different corps were mingled together, separated from their proper officers and from their comrades, their known and tried friends, who had stood shoulder to shoulder with them at times of danger and difficulty, and whose presence would have inspired courage and confidence. The smoke of battle joined with a thick fog, contributed to produce the separation of the men from their proper companions and officers, as well as to increase the difficulty of reuniting them and restoring order.

Almost simultaneously with this inauspicious event, the British received a reinforcement of grenadiers and artillery from the city, which enabled them to take the utmost advantage of that critical state of affairs, and keep up the state of disorder into which we had been thrown. The pursuit was close, and though our officers made the most strenuous exertions to rally the troops, and form them into line, their efforts were ineffectual, for no sooner would the enemy see a number of men forming in order, and assuming an attitude of resistance, than a volley of cannon balls would be thrown among them, which uniformly had the effect of driving them from their position—owing, as before stated, to the separation of the men from their officers and tried comrades, and the confused intermixture of men of different corps. So true it is, that the bravest men, without the regular and concerted action that is the result of discipline, become powerless, and act as if destitute of all the military virtues.

During the retreat, when each one was taking care of himself, and consulting his safety according to his own judgment, I saw at no great distance to the left of the road, one of our ammunition wagons, fast in the soft soil of a deep, miry ravine, and several men on the further side of it, apparently engaged in extricating it from the slough. Taking it for granted they were friends, as some of them were in citizens' dress, I was approaching to assist in their efforts; but I had not advanced far towards the place, before I saw two red-coats leave the ground, and advance on me, with muskets held in such a manner as to endanger my personal safety. This demonstration I regarded as decidedly untriendly, and concluded that discretion was now the better part of valor, so I gave them leg bail, to the full extent of my ability. It is likely they fired at me, but firing just at this time was an affair so common, that a person should be perfectly myself in condition for aim for himself in particular. Finding my speed of foot too great for them, they soon abandoned the pursuit.

After losing sight of the two men who had made me the object of such marked, if not gratifying attention, for the purpose of recovering my breath, and putting myself in condition for addressing them, which I might have to run, I took a seat on the upper rail of a post-fence. While resting, and casting my eyes over the landscape before me, in order to choose a route for my further retreat, my speculations were cut short by a ——, and sudden crash, as a cannon ball cut through a rail of the fence on which I was seated, splitting one, possibly both of the posts, for I was neither disposed nor deliberate in my examination of the injury sustained by the fence. But I know that I fell to the ground in double quick time, fortunately without being hurt.

It may easily be conjectured, that I was not long in recovering my wind and continuing my progress. After this narrow escape, amongst all the mishaps and disasters of the day, I met with one piece of good luck, which was not only most welcome to me, but made me likewise extremely welcome to the two survivors of my own mess, as well as to two officers of the regiment, who had on various occasions, shown no manly traits of character and intelligence, whom I succeeded in finding, though not without difficulty, at the place where many of us made our tiveuac for the night.

I was still going on at a good pace, not yet feeling myself quite secure, when I saw, at the roots of a large tree growing near a fence, a dreadful-looking Hessian with his head all clotted with gore. I supposed it had been the property of a British officer. Although it seemed to have been placed there to be recovered again, when circumstances would admit the recognition, I made no hesitation in looking upon it as lawful spoil of war. Its weight was just sufficient to make it probable that the contents were valuable, without rendering it cumbersome. I therefore made prize of it at a venture, intending to overhaul its contents as soon as I should have leisure. When I reached a place of safety, I found it to contain a pair of boiled fowls, a good-sized piece of boiled ham, and two small loaves of excellent bread.

The first inquiries made of me, after a reunion with my remaining messmates, related to the practicability of obtaining something to eat, as they declared their hunger to be almost unsupportable. Nor were my friends, the officers, in any better condition. I shall not undertake to describe the pleasure manifested when I exhibited my dainty store, and declared my intention of sharing it with them. Their genuine thankfulness gave me a pleasure equal to that of a hungry farmer at the enjoyment of a triumph after a victorious campaign.

UNCLE WILLIE

[SOFTLY.

When Time, which steals on years apace,
Shall steal our presence too,
The memory of the just shall stay,
And sweeten all we leave. *T. Moore.*

☞ When you hear a speaker using long-winded words and four-story hifalutin generally, make up your mind that nature forgot to put any brains under his hat. Sloppy words are generally piled up to cover the lack of sense in him who utters them. Short, sharp, crisp words and good sense go in the same company, as naturally as gitle, nonsense, beaut, and another new bonnet.

☞ The epicure who finished his dinner with the "desert" of Sahara, found it rather dry eating.

☞ To make a tall man "short," just ask him to send you a ten.

☞ A writer in the Christian Advocate and Journal (Methodist) says:—We abominate counting at a camp-meeting; we ought to go there to get religion, and wives; they are not intended to be a substitute for the wells of the ancients, at which young men were wont to select companions.

☞ Some persons whose lives are commonplace enough, contrive to throw a halo around their death-bede, and leave the world which they have never illuminated, in a blaze of glory—just as the swan sings sweetly just before dying, the dolphin dazzles the sailor's eyes when in the last agonies, and the lobster turns beautifully red when it goes to pot.

☞ Mechanics of a grave at all times attract us, but we have seldom been so impressed by its exhibition as in the recent reply of our friend, Christian S——, to some complimentary remarks of ours. "No," said he "I am no better than other men. I used to have a very good opinion of myself, but since I have looked around and have found so many 'excellent people,' far better than myself, I have become infernal scoundrels, it makes me humble."*

☞ A green horn, from somewhere, standing carelessly upon the end of one of the East River piers, watching a Brooklyn ferry-boat, accidentally lost his equilibrium and found himself suddenly in the "drink." He, however, soon coolly came up again; and while blowing off the superfluous water, being asked by a bystander how he relished old Neptune's soup, he replied, "Wal, I hain't got much agin it, but all I have to say is, that whoever put the salt in *warn't a bit stingy!*"

☞ The true standard of speaking is a sign of folly.

* The late aforesaid Adjutant and Inspector General for the whole army.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

6 Copies, $5.00 Per Annum,
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) $10.00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) $15.00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) $20.00 "

Abortions vs. Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

THE COMING YEAR.

As we omit our Prospectus this week, owing to the great pressure of communications, news, &c., upon our columns, we may simply re-state the leading features for the coming year, for the benefit of strangers who may chance to see this number of our paper.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

In our first paper of January next—whether "The Lost Heiress" shall or shall not be concluded at that time—we shall commence the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c.

This we design following by another novelet, called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little pet for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.

BY FANNY FERN.

We expect to commence the Sketches by Fanny Fern—as well as the series by Grace Greenwood—in the early numbers of the coming year.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by Mrs. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Commercial Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation in the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved none not to be satisfied.

THE CHOLERA.

The emigrant ships which have arrived at New York of late from Liverpool, and other ports in the old world, report a large number of deaths from a disease which is generally believed to be cholera. One ship had 103 deaths among 900 passengers, another 33 deaths among 330 passengers. In five ships, which arrived on one day, there were 141 deaths among 2,325 emigrants. While two vessels had put back to Liverpool after being respectively nine and fifteen days out, owing to the sickness and mortality on board.

These facts would seem to indicate that the pestilence, which has been devastating England for months past, is crossing the water in its old track around the globe. The coming cold weather probably will stay its progress for the present, but there is much reason to fear that with the summer will begin its ravages. We grant there is a possibility of its passing over the Eastern United States in the winter months, but it is only a possibility—not a probability. Let particular care, therefore, be taken with our streets, yards and houses, to keep them cleanly and well ventilated—especially as the warm weather approaches.

In London it has been shown by statistics, during the present epidemic, that localities are exempt from attack in proportion to their height and cleanliness. The highest ground is and near London is the most secure—the cleanliness being equal. If we remember rightly, the same was true of this city, during the last cholera season—Spring Garden and the Northern Liberties being comparatively more exempt from the pestilence than Southwark and Moyamensing. To those, however, who necessarily must dwell in low situations, we may remark that by practising moderation in eating and drinking, and in their work or exercise, in connection with a careful attention to cleanliness, both as to their persons and dwellings, a very large proportion of the inevitable risk can be avoided.

Gas for Fuel.—The N. Y. Mirror says that the "new invention" men, who promised to heat their office by gas, do not adhere to their promises. It seems to think that there is more gas than heat about the new process. Very likely—but we have seen, as any one may see in the city, gas used for fuel.

Address Christian.—At a recent sale of pews in this city, thirty-two gentlemen paid from $225 to $765 for the privilege of going to church. The whole 32 pews yielded an aggregate of $19,585. And the poor have the gospel preached to them.

JULLIEN AND HIS BAND.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Louis George Jullien, in his role of leader of his grand orchestra, presents one of the most splendid exhibitions of power I ever beheld. True, it is a highly theatrical performance, a most artistically conceived and sustained piece of dramatic effect throughout; yet truth and nature are in it for all, and underneath the tremendous propulsive force of a supreme will, the passionate warmth and electrical vitality of a poet more resistless enthusiasm.

When Jullien first comes before his audience, there is something almost laughable in his appearance and manner. He is a stout, jovial looking personage, elaborately dressed, if not conceited, conscious to a degree—and no, after a grand and gracious salutation to his audience, he seats himself on his little orchestral throne in the midst of gold, and assumes the sceptre, in the shape of his jeweled baton, you look from him to some of the grave, superb heads grouped about him, and half wonder at their subordination and his supremacy. But soon, this first dissatisfaction, or rather scepticism passes away, and Jullien seems not alone the fitting genius and ruler of his incomparable band, but the source and inspiration, the creative, moulding spirit of their music.

I saw him first at the Beethoven Concert, in this city. From his chair of crimson and gold, he waved his sceptre, in a gentle paternal sway over his band, in the opening of the overture—but as the tide of music deepened and swelled, as the master instruments came becoming and crashing in, he sprang to his feet, flung himself into the very heart of the harmonious conflict, and ruled right regally the tempest he had raised.

Yet his manner is never imperious, or commanding; but rather inspiring and invocative. His mastery seems some magnetic and magical power—he does not seem to me so much the Napoleon of the orchestra," as he has been called, as a musical Prospero, now holding converse with tuneful "spirits of the air," dainty sprites, "delicate Ariels" of soft-stringed instruments—now invoking with his magic wand, tempests from the "many deep" of the bass instruments below him—now calling down torrents of sound from those above, till floods of stormy melody are sweeping and surging about him.

When the grand elemental conflict is at its height, he seems to soothe it down by the soft beating of his baton. Then, when all is still save the low, trickling tinkle of the violin, or the sweet sighing of the flute, he again signals the thunderous bass, throws up his invoking arms toward the pealing horns, and on the instant, that glorious tempest breaks out anew.

Never have I heard orchestral music that approached to Jullien's in perfection of harmony, and in a certain fulness, breadth and grandeur of scope—in universality in short. I seemed to hear repeated in it every sweet and solemn, grand and terrible, glad and mournful sound in nature. There was about it, at times, a singular, almost supernatural power. Sounds of the Seaside seemed to come from or go forth into infinite distance;—now like the waters of a great calm sea, they ebbed softly and slowly from us, —now storm-driven, they fled amain, to break on some unknown shore—some "unimagined isle in the far seas."—now with a low gurgle and a spent murmur, they crept toward us, and slid into silence at our feet.

I remember one passage on the *Cornet-a Piston*, in the Valse, *Le Desir*, where the music seemed to have been born in the distant air, and to come throbbing toward us, rounded and full and sweet, like some wandering singer of a star. Above the orchestra it seemed to hang poised a moment, then to burst into a thousand brilliant fragments of melody, that fell like a shower of stars and surging far up into the solemn arches.

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But what shall I say of Bottesini? the artist of all this unrivalled band who most incks the genius. There is about this young man a noble and native not a *cultivated* unconsciousness, and a real simplicity, in place of the anticipated child-likeness, which often passes for it.

His head and face are expressive of a subdued passion and a chastened power as rare as they are great. He has thought understood art and stood with him in over the subordinate of soul.

His mastery over his ponderous and unwieldy instrument, the contra-bass, is something wonderful and beautiful to behold. In his hands it alone seems capable of giving forth all sounds in the vast realm of music, from the tiniest voices of grandeur and power, to the "low, sad music of humanity." You hear them all in their turn—the jubilant, the triumphant, the sad, the imperious, the tender and solemn and terrible—spring book songs and summer carols, and wintry winds—the beat of waves on lonely shores, the roar of floods, the sullen murmur of receding storms. But though it is sometimes laughs with a human mirth, or sighs with a human tenderness, it oftener seems like an imprisoned spirit in anguish, or grouns like a great heart in torture. It is in Bottesini's hands the most profoundly pathetic instrument I ever listened to. And yet until I saw him, I never heartily liked the double-bass. It always seemed to me gruff and surly—the Dr. Johnson of musical instruments. But in Bottesini's will it becomes as gentle as a wind-harp, and as plaint as a reed—its sullen growl is softened into sighs of unspeakable pathos, and the sorrow of a world seems sobbing from its strings.

ASTRONOMICAL.

A correspondent writes to us that he is prepared to overthrow the present system of Astronomy, just as the old system which taught that the sun goes round the earth, was overthrown before it. He says: "So sure as the sun shines and water runs, the present system shall soon totter to its very base."

He sends us an essay of eight pages for insertion; but as we cannot find in said essay any hint of the manner in which the present system is erroneous, we must respectfully decline its publication. His whole object in writing the essay, seems to be, "to ask of his fellow citizens encouragement, and assistance sufficient to furnish him with the astronomical apparatus he may require." As he says that "the expense will not be enormous," we advise him to gain the necessary sum himself, by extra labor or stricter economy. Mankind always look suspiciously upon professions which wind up with a plea for pecuniary assistance.

To All Who Do Not Take the Post.—Gentlemen—and ladies—we have but one argument to add to those already urged, why you should take the Post; but that is, what the Yankee called his patent spring fish-hook, "a sock-dologer." It is very evident, from the progressive rate of increase of our subscribers during the last six years, that we ultimately must enrol in our list, nearly all the family heads and breadth of these magnificent and unified States. This is a matter of *figures*—not of fancy. During those six years, our subscribers have increased more than four-fold. Now, it takes the United States three times as long, or twenty years, to even double its population. And it accordingly follows, like a mathematical demonstration, that our rate of increase is from six to seven times that of the Union; and consequently that we ultimately are bound to overtake the Union, and enrol upon our list every family within its broad domains. Therefore, as you ultimately will have to subscribe, you might as well, like Colonel Crockett's "coon," put a good face on the matter, and "come down"—with your money—"at once." Q. E. D., as they say in Geometry, which means, as all the boys know, Question *ex* dismissed.

The Kred Iverson Case.—This case of the boy who, it was said, preferred to drown rather than to steal, is denominated by the Chicago Tribune a "pious fraud." It says that the true circumstances of the boy's death, as ascertained by the the coroner's inquest and by the police, were these:—Kund had gone into the river with some boys with whom he had been playing—they commenced splashing, and finally ducking each other, as all boys do who usually go to swim together—and, in the contest for superiority, little Kund became somewhat strangled, backed off into deep water, struggled for life, but was drowned; and the boys who had been playing with him, becoming frightened at what had happened, and fearing that they would be punished for it, if discovered, ran off as fast as they could and secreted themselves."

We believe that over a thousand dollars has been raised in different parts of the country, and sent on to Chicago, to build a monument to Kund Iverson. We do not understand how the report in the case could have originated. Certainly, it was not a deliberate design to raise money on false pretences!

A Good One.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says:—

An incident occurred at the close of Mrs. Bloomer's lecture last evening, causing an audible titter all over the house. The lady had given out that she would speak to-night again. Mr. Bloomer stepped upon the stage and whispered to her: She immediately said to the audience:

"*My husband thinks it better for me not to lecture more this evening.*"

The above is a lamentable proof that even "bloomers" will not prevent woman from bending to the knee before that old-time tyrant man. No, "bloomers" will not do it. It is not in the nature of things that they should. How can six inches of pantaloons pretend to compete with at least four feet? No, if woman would be "independent"—really "independent"—she must go the "entire swine," don the whole length of breeches. Half-way reforms are notoriously inadequate; but the "bloomers" are scarcely a fourth-way reform. Depend upon it, if woman would pass for man, she must do a little more than "put her foot in it." Samson's strength lay in his hair—man, the "tyrant's," in his unmentionables.

Australia.—The people of Australia are manifesting great interest in political matters. The republican motto of "No taxation without representation," seems to be becoming quite a favorite at their public meetings. From the papers before us, the cry of "Independence" is also heard. They demand——a revision of the present electoral system, and a re-arrangement of electoral districts, so as to afford a fair and equitable representation of the numbers, intelligence and property of the community, and of all its various classes and interests." The proposition in New South Wales to create a hereditary aristocracy, was received with a shout of derision as a plan to establish a "Botany Bay Peerage." In Australia, on the whole, we may say that "things is workin'."

The Pacific Railroad Company.—We see it stated that the enterprising gentlemen engaged prominently in this stupendous undertaking, belong generally to that fearless class—who have nothing to lose, and everything to gain." At first, it is said, out of a kindly regard for the stockholders, (especially perhaps the ten millions one,) the directors had leader some hesitation, and broke into shouts, ringing above the crash and peal and thunder of the whole orchestra, clear and bold, and stirring as the charging cry of a Mural. There was to me something terribly exciting in this; although I knew it was only a skillful coup de theatre. Ah, thought I, what would I not give to see that power personified before an army instead of Kentucky beef! I should expect every man of them to leap to his feet and yell back that charge-cry!

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853.

General News.

WAR IN EUROPE.

TURKS VICTORIOUS.

The Canada brings Liverpool dates to the 12th inst. The news by this arrival is highly important, and the following summary of intelligence on the seat of war will be read with the greatest interest:

War has been declared by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia against Turkey, and the Russian troops have been defeated in both Europe and Asia. Nicholas says: The Porte has committed hostilities on the Danube, Russia is forced to the combat,—no other means is left them than a recourse to arms, to compel Ottoman Government to respect treaties, or to obtain from it the reparation for the offences by which it responded to our moderate demands, owing to our legitimate solicitude most for the defence of the Orthodox faith in the East, which is also the religion of the Russian people. We are firmly convinced that our loyal subjects will join in the fervent prayer which we addressed to the Most High—that He deign to bless our arms in the holy and righteous task has at all times found ardent echo in our pious ancestors. *In te domine speravimus non confundar in æternum.*

The French Consul at Bucharest, under date November 9th, telegraphed the following to Neuchatel:

On the 2nd and 3rd insts., the Turks crossed the Danube from Tontortkai, 18,000 strong, and on the 4th, the Russians attacked them with 9,000 troops. After a brisk cannonade, a combat at the point of the bayonet ensued, last three hours; the Russians lost several officers, and 136 privates killed, besides six other officers and eighteen subalterns, and 400 privates wounded. The Turkish loss is not stated.

Another account of the same battle, received at Vienna, states that 14 Russian superior officers were killed, and that the Turks were masters of the field, the Russians finally retreating to Rucharest.

Previous to the battle the Turks had constructed a building and *tete de pont* at Kalafat, which served as the basis of their operations. It was there that Omer Pasha crossed at three points with 18,000 at Altenitza, 4,000 at Kalafat, and 12,000 at Giurgivo. Skirmishes continually occurred at the outposts.

Since the Turks crossed the Danube, a body of Cossacks came to the river's bank, and made a hostile demonstration, resulting in the Egyptians in the Turkish army who rushed to the boats, rowed across in the face of the Cossack's fire, and punished them well, chasing them inland, and returned to their camp in triumph.

Several other movements of the Turks on the banks of the Danube are reported, among them the destruction of a Russian steamer at Giurgevo.

Accounts from Constantinople, state that the Porte had crossed the Russian frontiers into Asia, and that a battle ensued near Balloura, which 7,000 troops were engaged. Both armies fell back as night came on.

A second battle, the Russians were defeated, on the 20th of October, Mauko Bey, an officer of Omer Pasha's staff, with a small force, suddenly attacked by a body of Russian cavalry. The Bey fell back, fighting, toward the body of the Turkish army, when the action speedily became general. Fifteen thousand Russians were engaged, and the contest lasted from 9 o'clock in the morning until dusk. The Russians were again and fled, pursued by the Turks, who raised the Sultan's standard, and made their quarters at the Russians' position of battle, a distance of 6 miles from Czuroczkeive where the battle began.

The Russian force which was defeated and fled from the field in Bucharest, in the previous battle, was the main body under General Dannenberg, which is estimated at from 60,000 to 70,000 strong.

The news, summed up, shows that the Turks beaten the Russians in Asia; that the Turkish army in Europe has beaten the Russian army, was told that the Czar was a terrible man, and if he got him inside the college, would be very apt to cut him up and pickle him. This frightened the negro, and when he got to the doctor's room, he wouldn't go in. The doctor started towards him, when the negro stepped back suddenly, fell down a pair of stairs, and injured himself so severely, that he died the same night.

Oliver Scott writes to the Arkansas Independent, that he is in South American hunting monkeys. He kills about 3,000 a year, and sells the skins at Bumona. They are bought by French-men, and used for the manufacture of kid gloves; those articles being now made, it is said, wholly of monkey skins. He gets from 20 to 40 cents for each skin.

A negro was killed in St. Louis, on the 25th ult., in a very singular manner. He had been sent to Dr. McDowell's Medical College, and on the way, was told that the doctor was a terrible man, and if he got him inside the college, would be very apt to cut him up and pickle him. This frightened the negro, and when he got to the doctor's room, he wouldn't go in. The doctor started towards him, when the negro stepped back suddenly, fell down a pair of stairs, and injured himself so severely, that he died the same night.

Alfred Note.—An altered note of the Philadelphia Bank has been detected. It was five, the figures of which had been erased, and *twenty* engraved on very thin paper, pasted over the words five. They are easily known, from the fact that in the genuine twenty dollar note the figure 20 are on each of the four corners, while the five only have a place for the figures on the lower left-hand corner and the upper right-hand corner.

Dr. Locke, of Cincinnati, has invented a hand level. It is a pocket instrument, not larger than a finger, and to use is held up to the eye like a pistol, and looked through as a small telescope. It is said to be accurate, of simple construction, and not easily put out of repair.

Taking Care of the Baby.—Last week a fire occurred at Homer, Cortland County, in a building occupied by eight or ten Irish families. During the excitement, one of those crazy busybodies, who always attend fires, and do more harm than good, carried up an infant and threw it out of the second story. Luckily, a gentleman below saw it coming, and succeeded in catching it in his arms, thus barely saving it from certain death.

The Galveston News predicts that, with the advantages of railways, the cattle trade of Texas will equal the whole cotton crop of the State, notwithstanding that the latter increases rapidly from year to year. Many Texas agriculturists are constantly entering the business of stock raising, which requires little labor, and yields large profits.

Love and Despair.—A rich widow, of the quarter d'Austin, Paris, about 55 years of age, having become enamoured of her handsome young water carrier, took recently an occasion to confess to him her tender flame. The waterbearer could not believe she was in earnest, and only laughed at her, upon which the widow suffocated herself with charcoal, after leaving a letter, in which she declared that, notwithstanding her age, she died for love.

In Alabama the law exempts from execution, among other property, one hundred bushels of corn, thus securing the poor debtor from starvation.

Selling Horse Heads for Paying Beef.—A man calling himself Wm. Ely, but known to be the possessor of at least half a dozen aliases, has been arrested in New York, for swindling several firms out of considerable amounts of money, by consigning to them horse heads and nose beef packed in barrels as prime beef, and receiving advances on the same.

Not Appointed.—The President has refused to approve of the finding of the Court Martial in the case of Capt. Horace B. Field, of the Third Artillery, sentenced to be dismissed for drunkenness on duty. The President thinks the charge was not supported by satisfactory evidence, but says officers must not "chew cud" without the advice of a physician.

Jenny Lind.—The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier, learns, through a friend just arrived from Vienna, that Mad. Goldschmidt has retained but $100,000 of the vast fortune which she made in this country; and that this comprises her entire worldly possessions. (Doubtful.) She will positively appear on the stage again next summer, but in concerts only.

A Go to Game or Chess.—It is said that the English and French chess clubs have made a novel match to be played shortly at the Hippodrome. A gigantic chess-board will be marked out upon the turf. The castles will be carried on the backs of real elephants, and every other piece will be represented by an equestrian performer dressed in character. The Kings and Queens will be in gorgeous robes, the knights in full armor, and the bishops will represent the "true church militant." We hope it will not be a long game.

Marvellous Violoncello.—M. Felicien David, the well known composer, inherited some time ago an old violoncello, with other things, left by a friend. He paid no attention to it, and it became covered with dust. A few days ago, Bianchi, the noted instrument maker, paid a visit, and discovered the violoncello. On examining it he cried, "You have there a marvellous instrument!" He took it home to repair, and then found that it bore the signature of Andrew Guarnadius. "M. David has already," says the Siecle, "refused 20,000 for it."

Claims Between England and United States.—The Washington Union announces that Joshua Bates, Esq., of the house of Baring Brothers & Co., has been selected by the commissioners, to act as umpire in the settlement of the claims between England and the United States. Mr. Bates has accepted the appointment. Mr. Van Buren was selected by the Commissioners, but declined the appointment.

Hemp is shipped from St. Louis, by steamboat, to Pittsburg, and thence over the Pennsylvania Railroad to Philadelphia, at a cost for transportation of $27 50 per ton. The St. Louis Intelligencer says: This is double the cost of it less than it can be shipped by the way of New Orleans at present.

The Detroit Tribune estimates that a strip of country at least thirty miles in length has been turned over to the late fire in that vicinity, that twenty-seven houses have been destroyed, and that sixty-four and a-half out of at least one hundred farms have been entirely destroyed.

Dr. V. de Amaralli, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, has been unanimously elected by the Board of Trustees, Professor of the French and Spanish Languages, and their Literature, in the Portlebohie College.

Ohio has 12,000 school districts, and 10,681 school directors. There are 570,000 youths between the ages of four years and twenty-one, of whom nearly one-half depend on the Common Schools for their education, and more than one-fifth will attend school this winter. 50,000 for the first time, and 10,000 for the last time, and a number sufficient to turn the scale of a State election will become voters next year.

Dr. Boynton, of Bucksport, Me., has invented a steam engine and boiler, which being made to hover over a flock of grouse or partridges, so terrifies them that instead of flying off they sit quietly awaiting the apparatus's advance, and submit to be shot without the slightest attempt to escape. An artificial spider for entrapping flies is now engaging Mr. Pocock's attention.

The U. S. Economist states that the United States now consumes as much cotton, in 1853, as England did in 1841. The United States are now where England was twenty years ago.

Growth of Western Cities.—The Ohio papers contain the valuation of property in Cleveland, Columbus and Dayton, which we subjoin:

	1852.	1853.
Cleveland	$13,000,000	$17,000,000
Columbus	7,000,000	8,000,000
Dayton	5,000,000	6,000,000

Wisconsin.—The Milwaukee Free Democrat, of the 14th ult., has editorials charging a majority for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in the State of Maine, 25,000, which, it says, will doubtless be increased to 27,000 or more. No law has been passed by the Legislature, and the question until now has not been submitted to the people.

The Mortality Among the Officers of the Army.—It is stated that thirty-one of the one hundred officers of the United States army have died off since the 1st of January last.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is now completed from Pittsburg to the west end of the tunnel, and is in daily use by a train that carries brick and lumber used in the construction of the tunnel. The only unfinished parts now are the sections between Altoona and the tunnel and the tunnel itself.

Corwin.—The frauds in ginning and packing cotton at Nashville, and other parts of Tennessee, have become so common, that the principal dealers have published a caution to all ginners and packers, that whatever frauds are detected they will publish the names of all concerned, demand all costs attendant upon the fraud, and prosecute under the law.

Oliver Scott writes to the Arkansas Independent, that he is in South American hunting monkeys. He kills about 3,000 a year, and sells the skins at Bumona. They are bought by Frenchmen, and used for the manufacture of kid gloves; those articles being now made, it is said, wholly of monkey skins. He gets from 20 to 40 cents for each skin.

A negro was killed in St. Louis, on the 25th ult., in a very singular manner. He had been sent to Dr. McDowell's Medical College, and on the way, was told that the doctor was a terrible man, and if he got him inside the college, would be very apt to cut him up and pickle him. This frightened the negro, and when he got to the doctor's room, he wouldn't go in. The doctor started towards him, when the negro stepped back suddenly, fell down a pair of stairs, and injured himself so severely, that he died the same night.

Alfred Note.—An altered note of the Philadelphia Bank has been detected. It was five, the figures of which had been erased, and *twenty* engraved on very thin paper, pasted over the words five. They are easily known, from the fact that in the genuine twenty dollar note the figure 20 are on each of the four corners, while the five only have a place for the figures on the lower left-hand corner and the upper right-hand corner.

Dr. Locke, of Cincinnati, has invented a hand level. It is a pocket instrument, not larger than a finger, and to use is held up to the eye like a pistol, and looked through as a small telescope. It is said to be accurate, of simple construction, and not easily put out of repair.

Taking Care of the Baby.—Last week a fire occurred at Homer, Cortland County, in a building occupied by eight or ten Irish families. During the excitement, one of those crazy busybodies, who always attend fires, and do more harm than good, carried up an infant and threw it out of the second story. Luckily, a gentleman below saw it coming, and succeeded in catching it in his arms, thus barely saving it from certain death.

The Galveston News predicts that, with the advantages of railways, the cattle trade of Texas will equal the whole cotton crop of the State, notwithstanding that the latter increases rapidly from year to year. Many Texas agriculturists are constantly entering the business of stock raising, which requires little labor, and yields large profits.

Love and Despair.—A rich widow, of the quarter d'Austin, Paris, about 55 years of age, having become enamoured of her handsome young water carrier, took recently an occasion to confess to him her tender flame. The water-carrier could not believe she was in earnest, and only laughed at her, upon which the widow suffocated herself with charcoal, after leaving a letter, in which she declared that, notwithstanding her age, she died for love.

In Alabama the law exempts from execution, among other property, one hundred bushels of corn, thus securing the poor debtor from starvation.

Selling Horse Heads for Prime Beef.—A man calling himself Wm. Ely, but known to be the possessor of at least half a dozen aliases, has been arrested in New York, for swindling several firms out of considerable amounts of money, by consigning to them horse heads and nose beef packed in barrels as prime beef, and receiving advances on the same.

Not Approved.—The President has refused to approve of the finding of the Court Martial in the case of Capt. Horace B. Field, of the Third Artillery, sentenced to be dismissed for drunkenness on duty. The President thinks the charge was not supported by satisfactory evidence, but says officers must not "chew cud" without the advice of a physician.

Jenny Lind.—The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier, learns, through a friend just arrived from Vienna, that Mad. Goldschmidt has retained but $100,000 of the vast fortune which she made in this country; and that this comprises her entire worldly possessions. (Doubtful.) She will positively appear on the stage again next summer, but in concerts only.

A Go to Game or Chess.—It is said that the English and French chess clubs have made a novel match to be played shortly at the Hippodrome. A gigantic chess-board will be marked out upon the turf. The castles will be carried on the backs of real elephants, and every other piece will be represented by an equestrian performer dressed in character. The Kings and Queens will be in gorgeous robes, the knights in full armor, and the bishops will represent the "true church militant." We hope it will not be a long game.

Marvellous Violoncello.—M. Felicien David, the well known composer, inherited some time ago an old violoncello, with other things, left by a friend. He paid no attention to it, and it became covered with dust. A few days ago, Bianchi, the noted instrument maker, paid a visit, and discovered the violoncello. On examining it he cried, "You have there a marvellous instrument!" He took it home to repair, and then found that it bore the signature of Andrew Guarnadius. "M. David has already," says the Siecle, "refused 20,000 for it."

Claims Between England and United States.—The Washington Union announces that Joshua Bates, Esq., of the house of Baring Brothers & Co., has been selected by the commissioners, to act as umpire in the settlement of the claims between England and the United States. Mr. Bates has accepted the appointment. Mr. Van Buren was selected by the Commissioners, but declined the appointment.

Hemp is shipped from St. Louis, by steamboat, to Pittsburg, and thence over the Pennsylvania Railroad to Philadelphia, at a cost for transportation of $27 50 per ton. The St. Louis Intelligencer says: This is double the cost of it less than it can be shipped by the way of New Orleans at present.

The Detroit Tribune estimates that a strip of country at least thirty miles in length has been turned over to the late fire in that vicinity, that twenty-seven houses have been destroyed, and that sixty-four and a-half out of at least one hundred farms have been entirely destroyed.

Dr. V. de Amaralli, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, has been unanimously elected by the Board of Trustees, Professor of the French and Spanish Languages, and their Literature, in the Portlebohie College.

Ohio has 12,000 school districts, and 10,681 school directors. There are 570,000 youths between the ages of four years and twenty-one, of whom nearly one-half depend on the Common Schools for their education, and more than one-fifth will attend school this winter, 50,000 for the first time, and 10,000 for the last time, and a number sufficient to turn the scale of a State election will become voters next year.

Dr. Boynton, of Bucksport, Me., has invented a steam engine and boiler, which being made to hover over a flock of grouse or partridges, so terrifies them that instead of flying off they sit quietly awaiting the apparatus's advance, and submit to be shot without the slightest attempt to escape. An artificial spider for entrapping flies is now engaging Mr. Pocock's attention.

The U. S. Economist states that the United States now consumes as much cotton, in 1853, as England did in 1841. The United States are now where England was twenty years ago.

Growth of Western Cities.—The Ohio papers contain the valuation of property in Cleveland, Columbus and Dayton, which we subjoin:

	1852.	1853.
Cleveland	$13,000,000	$17,000,000
Columbus	7,000,000	8,000,000
Dayton	5,000,000	6,000,000

Wisconsin.—The Milwaukee Free Democrat, of the 14th ult., has editorials charging a majority for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in the State of Maine, 25,000, which, it says, will doubtless be increased to 27,000 or more. No law has been passed by the Legislature, and the question until now has not been submitted to the people.

The Mortality Among the Officers of the Army.—It is stated that thirty-one of the one hundred officers of the United States army have died off since the 1st of January last.

LORD PALMERSTON ON PRAYER AND FASTING.

The Moderator of the Edinburgh Presbytery of the Church of Scotland, addressed Lord Palmerston, a few days ago, stating that the Presbytery had in view the propriety of appointing, on ecclesiastical authority, a day for prayer and humiliation, within its boundary, on account of the reappearance of Asiatic cholera in this country. Considering, however, that it was likely that a national fast would be appointed on Royal authority, they begged respectfully to ask whether such an appointment was in contemplation. The following letter from the Home Office, in reply, was read at the monthly meeting of the Presbytery on Wednesday:

"Whitehall, Oct. 19.

"Sir,—I am directed by Viscount Palmerston, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., requesting, on behalf of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to be informed whether it is proposed to appoint a day of fasting or humiliation on account of the visitation of the cholera, and to state that there can be no doubt that manifestations of humble resignation to the Divine Will and sincere acknowledgments of human unworthiness are never more appropriate than when it has pleased Providence to afflict mankind with some severe visitation; but it does not appear to Lord Palmerston that a national fast would be suitable to the circumstances of the present moment.

"The Master of the Universe has established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or the neglect of those laws. One of those laws connects health with the absence of those gaseous exhalations which proceed from overcrowded human beings, or from decomposed substance, whether animal or vegetable; and these same laws render sickness the almost inevitable consequence of exposure to those noxious influences. But it has, at the same time, pleased Providence to put it within the power of man to make such arrangements as will prevent or disperse such exhalations, and to render them harmless, and it is the duty of man to attend to those laws of nature, and to exert the faculties which Providence has thus given to man for his own welfare.

"The recent visitation of cholera, which has for the moment been mercifully checked, is an awful warning given to the people on this point; and if they have too much neglected their duty in this respect, and that those persons with whom it rested to purify towns and cities, and to prevent or to remove the causes of disease, have not been sufficiently active in regard to such matters, Lord Palmerston would therefore suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, would be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring, in planning and executing measures by which those portions of their towns and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, stand most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will certainly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of an united but inactive nation. When nature has done her utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"HENRY FITZROY.

"To the Rev. W. H. Gray, Moderator of the Presbytery of Edinburgh."

On the reading of the letter,

The Reverend Dr. Clark expressed his total Accord with the sentiments expressed in the letter and said he would be with a heavy heart in the responsibility of those who refused or declined to give her Majesty's subjects an opportunity of meeting for prayer in regard to so heavy a visitation.

The Reverend Dr. Muir said he thought there could be but one unmingled feeling of pity entertained by them, that such a declension should emanate from a professed Christian Government.

Several members expressed concurrence in these sentiments. It was agreed to refer the appointment of a day of humiliation and prayer to the approaching meeting of the Provincial Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, that the time might be fixed for the whole Synod.

The question was put whether the answer of Mr. Fitzroy, should be engrossed in the minutes—and it was unanimously carried in the affirmative.

NEW PRINTING PRESS.

We some time ago made mention of the invention by Mr. Victor Beaudoff, of a press on which the time now lost in feeding or supplying the white paper, would be saved by using paper which is cut into sheets, and which is made in lengths like rolls of wall paper, and rolled up on cylinders before being used.

This press, which is to turn off paper at the rate of 60,000 per hour, is not yet in operation. In the meantime, we have still another which puts papers on both sides at once, and from a similar roll. One of the editors of the New York *Tribune* has seen one of these out, called "Wilkinson's Cylindrical Rotary Press," in operation within a few days, and thus describes it:

"The press is of the most simple construction and very compact. It is not more than eight feet long by four wide, and stands by itself. It has five in height. A secure frame work supports two pairs of cylinders, each about eighteen inches in diameter, and one of those cylinders are the types that print one side of the paper, and upon the other those that print the reverse, the printing-cylinder, which gives the impression, being below in the one pair and above in the other. A roll of printing paper is suspended on an iron rod or axle, on one end of the frame-work of the press, on a level with the cylinders, and but a foot or two removed from the nearest one. And this, with the inking rollers and the cutting apparatus, completes all the machinery. The process of printing is commenced by taking the end of the paper from the roll and drawing it through the press on a nearly horizontal line, passing it under one of the lower cylinders and over the other. The power is then applied and the cylinders revolve, causing a rapid movement of the paper, the form of type which is thus passed between the cylinders, receiving its impression on either side as it goes. As it passes out at the opposite end of the machine, it is cut off at short intervals, and the separate sheets fall regularly into a pile. The cutting apparatus is of admirable simplicity and beauty, and cuts wet paper as reliability as dry."

Australia.—The accounts which have reached us this country, from Australia within the last two or three weeks, unfold much more distressing tales of disappointed expectation, broken hopes, and consequent misery, than we have had anything which we before received. The diggings have proved a gigantic delusion. For one who succeeds, and brings a little money home, there are those who fail entirely, and hundreds who, after a degree of toil which destroys or impairs the constitution, barely make as much by their labor as enables them to pay for the passage to their necessary food. A few months in the Gold Fields serve to transform the young into old men, and the strongest into infirm. Sickness is the harbinger which our persons have to undergo. There is scarcely a man among the digging population who does not suffer from fever and ague, and the least is given to every one, as it is obvious both by feeling and vision, and quite indescribable without detection. This is certainly an important triumph, especially as in every security not only to bank notes but to bills of exchange, government bonds, &c., and it is not as a bar to surprise in a variety of ways.

Dundee Union.—A not-worthy circumstance in relation to the present condition of the dry goods markets of the United States, is that, while foreign fabrics are abundant, and have been for some months, domestic manufactures are in demand at high prices. The first is to be attributed mainly to the immense importations which have flooded the country. The United States statistics of the port of New York for the present year, show a most extraordinary amount of importations of foreign dry goods, in the aggregate, indeed, as even to astonish some of the ultra free-trade journals of that city. But to what can we attribute the simultaneous demand for domestic goods, and the increase of prices they bring? We may indulge in conjectures, but the dry goods men themselves do not know how to account for the fact.—*Bell's Messenger.*

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Roman Catholic Church Property.—The question as to whether the Church property should be vested in the Bishop or Trustees of the churches has long been a subject of consideration among the Catholics in different parts of the country and M. Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio, now in this country, appears to have been charged with the duty of settling the trouble. His instruction in the case of St. Louis Church, at Buffalo, it will be remembered, was in favor of the Bishop, and the Trustees resist on the ground that the responsibilities belong to themselves. The Trustees at Belleville, N. J., however, in consequence of the decision, have voluntarily acceded to the principle as laid down by M. Bedini, and resign the temporalities hitherto vested in them to ecclesiastical authority. This is said to be the first case of voluntary submission to the decision.

The Cheapest Sell of Recent.—In Portsmouth, Virginia, a few days ago, a complete set of household furniture, of a good quality, sold at auction for eighty cents. It occurred as follows:—

The bankrupt had fell out with his better half, and determined to dispose of the land and board, locate the money, and let her hold for a living. Some gentlemen met at the sale, and soon convinced the crowd of their obligation to see justice done to the lady. The result was, not one but those interested bid on the furniture, and the whole was finally knocked down for the above ridiculous sum—eighty-six cents. The furniture was then presented to the lady, and eighty-six cents to the lord.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Congress.—The approaching Session of Congress will be composed as follows: Senate—36 Democrats, 21 Whigs, 5 vacancies, the latter being in Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, Maine and New Hampshire. House of Representatives—Democrats 150, Whigs 71, Free Soil 4.

New York.—The average Hard vote is 98,—850—average Soft vote 96,589 (or 269 less)—average Whig vote 155,000. The highest Hard (Bowne) has 2,581 votes over the highest Soft (Kelly).

Guthrie to Brandon.—The Piedmont Whig thus poetizes Mr. Guthrie's last letter to Mr. Brandon:

It is not my purpose to answer your letter;
It answers itself, sir; and that is much better
Indulging a train of captious remark:
You show that you haven't the sense to keep dark
And for your secret to publish to all the world,
That you and your office are quite incompatible.
I hope I may speak to Sub-Treasurer Bowie
If ever I told you to choose a Free Soiler.
For what they have done, sir, or what they may do,
Is nothing at all, sir, to me or to you.
Provided they swear you, by all that is hearty,
They'll all "go it blind" for the good of the party!
If you think you're right the appointments to make.
You make a confoundedly stupid mistake.
For I'll let you know, sir, you'll do as I please,
And without my permission you shan't even breathe.
So now to the point, sir, Our Old Hunker friend Field,
And make way directly for Herman J. Redfield.

Georgia Politics.—An attempt made in the Georgia Legislature, to pass resolutions of censure upon the present Administration, for its intercourse with New York politics, failed in the House by a vote of 69 to 60 against printing the resolutions. The Senate refused to lay the resolutions on the table by a vote of 23 to 21, and then ordered them to be printed—yeas 54, nays 42. The resolutions declare an approval of the inaugural address of President Pierce, and a belief that the appointment of such important and prominent actors in the Free-Soil movement at Buffalo, in 1848, is an insult to the people of the South, and to the sound and true men of the North."

The Georgia Senate had postponed the election of a United States Senator, until the next session—five Democrats voting in the affirmative. Great excitement was caused by this action.

Temperance Sentiment.—At a Whig celebration in Newark, on Tuesday last, the following toast was drank amid great applause:

Hard Shells and Soft Shells.—While they crack against each other, the Whigs pick up the meat.

Hard Shell Meeting.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the "National Democracy" was held on the 22d inst., at which a spirited address was adopted, letters read from Messrs. Weller and Dickinson, and speeches made by Comptroller Flagg, Gen. Wilkin, Judge Edwards, and others, strongly opposing the Administration.

Rhode Island Election.—Returns from more than half the towns in the State that people have again decided against a Convention to amend the State Constitution, the majority in the town last heard from being 2,622. At the previous election the majority against it in the same towns was 1,564.

The Sandwich Islands.—The Richmond Enquirer and the Baltimore Clipper are both out against the annexation of the Sandwich Islands.

From California.—The United States, at New Orleans, brings San Francisco dates to the 1st of November.

The total amount of treasure shipped on the 1st inst. from San Francisco, by the steamers of both lines, amounted to $2,250,000, and will probably be swelled to $3,000,000, by the arrival of the Panama passengers. Most of the gold is bound to New York.

The Sonora Filibustering expedition attract. of much attention—but little sympathy was expressed for the people, and it would probably prove a total failure.

The markets have been more active, but prices generally have declined a little. Flour and Meal—Corn and Oatmeal have declined 25 cents a barrel, and finally 25, but, not satisfied with a reasonable profit, and thinking it a fine opportunity to get an exorbitant price, he declined both offers. In the course of an hour a despatch was received from Pittsburg announcing a rise in the river, and Mr. Haynes' prospects for realizing a fortune on two loads of coal vanished in air, he not being able to get an offer at any price.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, *Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.*

OF HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*

OF MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*

OF J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*

OF W. H. TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.*

OF F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized traveling agents.

A MEDICINE FOR ALL SEASONS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills suit all complaints and all ages, and may be taken at all times, and under all circumstances, with perfect safety.—They are natural to the human constitution as food, and while they do not obstruct from usual avocations, there is scarcely a malady in the whole catalogue of human ills, but will yield to their influence.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills thoroughly purify the blood, and being composed entirely of purest balmes, and purity the blood; and are, therefore certain to drive pain or distress of every description from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from peddlers. We understand that a man by the name of HEISTAND, and another by the name of SINGER, of this county, are selling the above medicine, and palming off a spurious article for the genuine. Let it be remembered that this is no discovery, but has been before the public for many years, and is universally known to be the best medicine ever offered to the people.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 109 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Dec., 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON SOUTH	MOON'S PHASES.
3 Saturday,	7 20	4 40	4 51	
4 Sunday,	7 20	4 40	5 53	
5 Monday,	7 21	4 39	6 55	
6 Tuesday,	7 21	4 39	7 60	D. H. M.
7 Wednesday,	7 22	4 38	9 07	First Q. 7 8
8 Thursday,	7 22	4 38	9 57	Full 15 8 37
9 Friday,	7 23	4 37	9 52	Last Q. 23 8 24
10 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	10 43	New M. 31 1 2

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Jacob Rambo, to Miss Mary D. Pearson, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ann M. Wilson, to Miss Ann M. Gallagher, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Wm. O. Hamilton, Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, to Miss Jane Burns, both of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. A. Barnes, John T. Bunn, of Doylestown, to Miss Julia, daughter of Geo. Hough, of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., James Cantwell, to Catharine Mansfield, both of Southwark.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Thomas Cadwell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann S. Ashton, late of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Horace H. Burton, to Josephine, daughter of I. P. Hunter.

On the 22d ult. at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. Wm. Wilson, Mr. Thomas Wilson, to Anna Eakins, daughter of Rev. G. Emlen Hare, D. D.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Thos. A. Allen, Mr. Wm. Wilson, to Miss Mary Ann Hall.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbrow, Mr. Joseph Connor, to Miss Mary Evans, both of this city.

On the 15th ult. by Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Thomas Gilbert, to Miss Caroline Ross, both of Kensington.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, Frank Hearle, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo by Adj. Samuel Taylor, of the Northern Liberties, Mr. John Seidenbinder, to Miss Frederika Liebowski, of the county of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ult. at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Mr. James C. Booth, to Miss M. Louisa Cooke.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. John R. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Cooke, to Theresse, daughter of Anthony Williams, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Wapello, Iowa, on the 1st ult., Joseph Thomas, in the 72d year of his age; formerly of New Jersey.

On the 23d ult. Miss Mary A. Hennel, aged 43.

On the 23d ult. Miss Jane Kane, aged 56 years.

On the 23d ult. Mary, daughter of Ann and the late Mathew Mayo, aged 3 years.

On the 23d ult. Robert Arthur, son of Bernard and Ann Cavanaugh, aged 3 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Charles McLaughlin, aged 21 years.

On the 24th ult. John Duffy, aged 48 years.

On the 24th ult. Mary Ann, daughter of Jacob and Ann Hill, aged 2 months and 20 days.

On the 24th ult. Clara Virginia, aged 6 years, daughter of Eugene and Sarah Bertholon.

On the 24th ult. Catharine F., daughter of Christopher and Mary McMullin, aged 11 months.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Ann Hall, aged 71 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Hannah Hagn, wife of John Mathews, aged 58 years.

On the 25th ult. Mary Bowan, aged 50 years.

On the 25th ult. Benjamin Carell, aged 67 years.

On the 25th ult. John Lynch, aged 40 years.

On the 25th ult. Mary McKeever, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Julia A. Jones, aged 36.

On the 26th ult. Mr. William F. Wilson, aged 34 years.

On the 26th ult. William Gardiner, son of John S. and Sarah J. Dupree.

On the 26th ult. Mary, daughter of John and Margaret Fitzsimons, aged 2 years.

On the 26th ult. John Hamilton, aged 60 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mary L., daughter of John and Sarah Jones, aged 2 years.

On the 27th ult. Susan Elizabeth, daughter of Richard and Mary A. Cunningham, aged 2 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Christiana Robey, aged 80 years.

On the 28th ult. James McKinley, aged 30 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Mary Jane, wife of John Johnson, aged 42 years.

On the 28th ult. Alexander H. Campbell, formerly of New Bedford, Mass.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Ann M. wife of Joseph P. Campbell, aged 24 years.

On the 29th ult. William R. Pilkington, aged 30 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Hetherington.

At Kaighn's Point, on the 28th ultimo, Mason A. daughter of James G. and Margaret Cogswell, aged 18 years.

On the 12th ult. Charles Sproul, son of Jas. G. and Elizabeth Kennedy, aged 2 years and 6 months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 54 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, December 3, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U. S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Middletown	1 dis
Susquehanna	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Washington co	1 dis
Monongahela	1 dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Erie	1 dis
All other solv'nt Bks	1 dis
Relief notes	1a1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Med-ford, Camden, Bridgeton and Salem	par
Cumberland Bank	par
Farmers' & Mech. Bank of Burlington Co.	par
Exchange Bank of Pemberton	par
Exchange Bank of Pemberton	par
Bank of Middletown	par
Bank of Washington	par
Bank of Phillipsburg	par

Selected Poetry.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

On the bridge-crown my manor dwelt; our latitude
with d'orbing the stream,
And giddy work 'twas thence, I felt, to watch the
waters clash and gleam;
But there, his little child in play could count the bob-
bins 'neath her flust,
And clap her hands when gusts of spray kissed her
sweet cheeks or touched her throat.

One day—still every troubled dream brings all its
terror back to me—
I heard a shrill imploring scream; I turned to look—
but where was she?
I cast my frontlet gown aside, clambered like light
the trellis o'er,
And in the fierce and furious tide, spray-stunned
and deafened by the roar

What mortal thundered in mine ears when to the sur-
face I emerged;
Wild voices, shrieks, and cries, and cheers, mixed
with the waves that round me surged!
What saw I from the intrue host? My master, dumb,
manifined with dread,
While near me floating, pale and spent, his child
toward the portus sped.

I grasped her; to the starling's edge I struggled
gainst the sucking tide,
By timbers green with slimy sedge I held, and drew
her to my side.

Poor little Nan! how thirsty hung her drooping
head! while floating past
I saw her flaxen tresses flung like weeds upon the
waters cast.

Sweet heart! dear wife! nay, why so pale? Have
not long years effaced all pain?
Why did you bid me tell the tale of the old childish
boy again?

Time past; my prentice days were sped; to foreign
parts they bade me roam,
Yet, with a longing and a dread, my thoughts turned
ever dowards my home

For, travelled gallants loved to hoast (gay flatterers,
light as summer midges),
That London's beauty, pride, and toast, dwelt on the
crown of London Bridge

I listened, blith, and even smiled; yet the heart's
lightness grew absent

I think even death hath been revoled: I wot it will
not match that pain.

Back came I, Nan! I see you yet, with scarlet love-
kinots, gay of hue

I hear the waters fume and fret, chorus to love vows
warm and true

And how you stood I well recall, light running gainst
the wicker fence,
You, smiling, watched the torrents fall, I, thinking
how I bore you thence

When—nay, wife, let me ended my tale; take from my
lips your hand away

Nay, now I may not call you pale; your ribbons
were less bright that day.

Quoth you; "Fose talk, I'll none of it—give proof
that still your heart is mine."

I, with a lover's lack of wit, said, "What may I do
to prove it thine?"

Beneath us for a wild flower grew, last rooted in the
interior chalk;
You pointed to it, and I knew no hope save on that
proof was left.

Then, clambering o'er the parapet, I sought a foot-
hold, frail and slight,
On the old timbers green and wet; yet kept through
all your love in sight.

What was the turmoil that I heeded? Your wild cry
as you bade me stay
My sense and conquered with a word first uttered
that eventful day.

The little weed waved proud its head, beckoning to me
on as if in scorn;
I grasped it. All the anxious dread past from my life
that agony morn.

Dear wife, sweet wife! You know how pressed in
our old Bible's earliest page
That little withered flower doth rest above our son's
recorded age:

Of years long past it seems to tell, of the old stair
long's knackered edge,
Of the wide latter whence you fell, and our young
days on London Bridge.

Selected Articles.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND HIS WIFE.

Sir Charles was married to a lady of strong though gentle character, and he delighted in relating an adventure which once befell the pair, very characteristic of both. He and Lady Napier were riding one evening, unattended, on the summit of the Mahableshwur Hills. The sun had just set, the pathway was narrow, bordered on one side by jungle, and on the other by a deep, precipitous ravine. Suddenly in his ride, he desired her to ride on at full speed immediately to the nearest village, and send some people back to the spot where she left him, and not do ask him the reason why he sent her. She obeyed in silence. It was no slight trial of her courage, as well as of her obedience, for she was lonely, and beset with many possible perils, but she rode rapidly and boldly forward, and gained a village at some distance in safety. The party whom she then despatched and accompanied, met Sir Charles, however, about a mile from the place, following in his lady's track, and he then explained the reason of his strange and unquestioned command. He had seen, as they rode, a tiger stealthily creeping on a savage eye glean at him from the jungle, and believed that they belonged either to tigers or cheetahs—the hunting-leopard. He was aware that if they both rode off, the creatures, following the instincts of their nature, would be sure to chase them. He feared lest Lady Napier knew the fearful kind of peril they were in, she would be startled and unfit to make any attempt at escape, or at least she would not consent to his own judicious plan, so he tested her obedience—as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself, confronting, and promptly controlling, the wild beasts with his eagle eye, for, after a short gaze and a muttered growl, they retreated into the jungle, and he was free to follow his wife.

Lady Napier herself related to me another rather amusing incident in connection with animals. As she and Sir Charles were coming down the Mahableshwur Hills, they chose to pitch their tent and remain for the night on the spot which was inhabited by a tribe of monkeys. These beasts were drawn by their intense curiosity close to the travellers, and Lady Napier sent for some nuts, put them into the pocket of her apron, and fell one, which was bolder and tamer than the rest, with them. When they withdrew into the tent, the agile guests likewise retreated.

On awakening next morning, Lady Napier was startled at finding that her purse, which was in the pocket of her apron, had been stolen in the night. An inquiry was instantly made, and a close search instituted in her room for it, but in vain and she, I of course in the conclusion that some of those skillful Indian robbers, who can steal the sheets from under one unfelt and unseen, had carried off her property, for the loss was considerable, when walking by chance into the back enclosure of the tent, she found her friend the monkey seated in grave dignity with her apron on, imitating her yesterday-evening's action, and supplying the want of nuts with her gold and silver coins, which he scattered liberally around him. He was suffered to empty the purse, and then they tried to catch him, but so far as we remember, did not succeed: he returned to his wonted stand in a black ash apron, and doubtless played in the future, the part of the monkey with much success.

Both Sir Charles Napier and his wife were much beloved by the English residents in India. The general was alike feared and adored by the natives. He understood their character, and they were dazzled by his splendid soldierly qualities. We have often found, when speaking to them of the Hero of Scinde, that there was some strange connection in their minds between him and the comet or nebulous light which as they asserted, prefaced the fall of the Ameers. Nay I have heard it asserted that the Scindians leaned on our general as a sort of incarnation of Zatanee, and that the fear inspired by his latooe proclamation—"Beloochee! I am coming up with 10,000 men to drive you all to the devil!"—greatly assisted the might of his arms.

We have heard an incident related which tends to prove the effect this Spartan like eloquence and known resolution had on the Eastern enemy whilst Sir Charles was in Scinde. A fort was held by a formidable and desperate robber, and the general, who could ill afford the time required to reduce it, ordered a young officer of his army to go, totally unarmed, into the hold of the chieftain, and deliver the following message:—"Come out to me, or by ——— I will come and fetch you." The subsequent was instantly obeyed as if Eblis himself had pronounced it, and the fort was surrendered to the English.

The brave Scotch man was sent and prayed. He died in the city became and among his own family. The gentleman on whom shall he most valued, and for whom he entertained a personal regard, and to that a few days before he expired, he offered his favorite charger to be brought to the window of his sleeping-room, that he might look on the ground floor. He looked once sadly upon the old companion, and said, with a flash of his former spirit. "Ah, you rogue, you want to have my money, you know, but—in a more tender tone—"I wish I could kiss you!"

The poor steed then apostrophized followed of course in the funeral procession—the saddest object of it all—except perhaps the old generals, "the brothers of his combats," who looked as if they, like ourselves, could exclaim with Shakspeare:

Oh! withered is the garland of the war;
The soldier's pole is fallen: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

A LIFE PICTURE.

[The following beautiful sketch of the birth and growth of civilization in the West, is from Fredrika Bremer's "Homes of the New World." It will be recollected by our old citizens (says the Minnesota Pioneer) that Miss Bremer spent some days in St. Paul in 1850, as the guest of Ex-Governor Ramsey, and visited the Falls of St. Anthony and other places of interest in the neighborhood. She was highly delighted with the picturesque beauties of the place, and was often observed walking out alone along the bluffs of the Mississippi, contemplating its natural scenery. Who does not see in the following picture the rise and progress of many of the great cities of the West?]

"Your Majesty has certainly often read descriptions of the wonderful waterfall, Niagara; of the almost miraculous prairies of the West, where the sun mirrors his image in an ocean of sunflowers waving in the wind; of the rapid growth of States and cities in the Great West; of the great river Mississippi, and the gold mines of California, and many other lions of the Great West. But less known are the first steps of civilization, its first impress on the wilderness, and this it was, together with the great spectacle of nature, which most attracted my earliest attention; for it is amusing to observe the first steps of the child, and how he advances and grows to man's estate. It is an image worthy the regards of a motherly queen. The trees fall before the axe along the banks of the river—and rivers every where abound in North America—a little log house is erected on the skirts of the forest and banks of the river; a woman stands in the door-way with a little chubby child in her arms. The husband has dug up the earth around the house and planted maize; beyond grass a couple of fat cows, and some sheep in the free, uninclosed meadow-land. The husband fills the land and milks the cows, and performs the whole out of door work. The wife remains in the house and takes care of child and home; but can say woman do it better. The cleanliness and order of her person are reflected by every thing within the house. No matter how more excellent house can be found on the face of the earth than that of the American woman, even of the poorest. No wonder that the husband is happy within it; that the American knows few other pleasures than those which he finds in his home; no other goal of bliss on earth than that of possessing a good wife, a good home. The log house has been erected in the forest, and not far from it are erected, in the same way, two or three other log-houses; they are all furnished with excellent beds, and there always lies on the shelf a Bible, a hymn-book, and some other religious books. A little further off stands a somewhat larger log house, where a dozen or two children—the half-wild offspring of the wilderness—are assembled. This is the school. The room is poor and without ornament, save a few maps and pictures—maps of all parts of the globe, and in the hands of the children are books which present them with views over the whole world, and reading books which contain the noblest pearls of literature, in paragraphs, short essays, narratives, poems, &c. Anon other houses spring up; some of framed timber, some of stone; they become more and more ornamental; they surround themselves with fruit-trees and flowers; you see a chapel of wood arising at the same time with the wooden houses; but when the stone houses come, there come also a stone church and a state-house. The fields around are covered with harvests, flocks and herds increase, and before long you behold one or two considerable villages, and in the other direction, at the new buildings, they purchase wares and cattle and leave newspapers behind them. In two or three years there is here a little city of two thousand souls, motherly women institute sunday-schools in the church, and assemble the little children to instruct them in Christianity, and establish an asylum for orphaned little ones. Shops spring up at the same time with the school and the church, and they constitute, together with the printing press and the state-house, the ensign of the Anglo American, and wherever he plants this, thence extends the red man, now almost without existence, with his wigwam and his subjected women, and goes to the far off hunting-grounds in the wilderness. He knows by experience that the new creations which he left his will, within a quarter of a century, become a great city, with its fifty thousand inhabitants or more, and that the whole region round about will be full of people alike potent in war as in peaceful civilization."

TRADING IN LADIES.

Many rich Turkish ladies carry on a trade, for which we have no name. They keep what may be called Nurseries of Wives and Mothers, and find both pleasure and profit in training their young protegees to the duties of married life. Their agents go about collecting the raw material of their manufactures, picking up orphans, foundlings, or the children of poor parents; for in the East life is no prejudice of birth, and the lady is distinguished from her servant only by a little more or less wealth. The kind of training is by no means difficult. Not much knowledge is expected of oriental matron; and in this case at least neither the idea of virtue or sentiment of modesty is inculcated. We have already hinted in what way the flock of young maidens is made to contribute to the development of the young masters of the house. The rest of their instruction is simple enough. They are early ready to be said as wives or mistresses.

Beautiful girls are often bought by these professional trainers in high life for eight or ten pounds, and afterwards sold for four or five hundred. The profit constitutes the pin money of the lady. Handsome old women—middle-brokers—carry on the trade, to which not the slightest idea of shame is attached. They discuss the price of their merchandize pars, and as openly as if they were selling a pair of slippers or a parcel of perfume. Sometimes they act as agents for some old gentleman, who finds his house lonely and his purse sufficiently full to enable him to indulge in the luxury of a consort; and sometimes they undertake the still more equivocal task of going about warming the imaginations of bachelors and others by fearful descriptions of the caged beauties. They generally take money on either hand, and it must be admitted that many good matrons can stretch up by their care.

There is no prejudice against partners obtained by these means. On the contrary, many Turks prefer damsels brought up in this way—perhaps because they are without the incumbrances of relations; and when they take them from the harem of a minister or other great functionary. The wife of Reschid Pasha, who by the way, is no polygamist, has generally some forty young creatures to dispose of, and finds no difficulty in getting rid of them. The demand is always equal to the supply.

From this account it will be seen that foreigners have in fact most of the comforts of persons high in rank are taken. South now the mothers of the ministers of the Sublime Porte, as, and of all the sultans that have ever reigned on the throne of the Bosphorus; for the Sultan does not, in these simple countries, either beg the hand of a princess for his sweet sons, or instead a commercial treaty with the fathers of a ballerina. The state provides the partner of his couch. At various periods of the year fixed by law, the Council of Ministers and the Ulemas, in conclave assembled, vote, as it were, a subsidy of girls, bought at the public markets, or at private sale, and send them with a complimentary letter into the interior of his Majesty. On these occasions the Sultan goes in pompous procession to the mosque; and no doubt thanks Heaven for the large supply of angels which have come to illuminate his solitary home.—*Life in the East.*

CAUTION FOR THE YOUNG.—It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to commence business themselves, yet there is a moral capital which they can have, that will weigh as much as money with those people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty and integrity; to which may be added decision, firmness, courage and perseverance. With these qualities, there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surrounded such a man almost as by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands faster than he can ass it. And in a few short years such a young man is far in advance of many who started with him, having equal talents and large pecuniary means; one long young friend stands forward the honored, trusted, and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the principle that moral capital is the thing after all.—*Times.*

HAWTHORNE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

GENTLEMEN:—In a recent number of your paper, I observe a paragraph purporting to contain Hawthorne's opinion and feeling upon the subject of the "Woman's Rights Movement." Not only the sentiments expressed in this paragraph, but the terms in which they are conveyed are so harsh, so hard, and so contemptuous of woman, that I feel confident few women of any sensibility could read them (even though they felt not the slightest sympathy with the movement in question) without a feeling of resentment against their author. Now, inasmuch as Hawthorne never expressed any such sentiments, but, on the contrary, the very reverse of these, I take the liberty of pointing out the error, and forcing yourself and your readers with what Hawthorne, in the character of "Miles Coverdale," really does say on this momentous question. I presume no one who has read "The Blythedale Romance," the work in which the paragraph occurs, will fail to recognise the author in this character. He himself admits the identity in his preface, and throughout his work. Coverdale says: "I will give you leave, Zenobia, to fling your utmost scorn upon me, if you ever hear me utter a sentiment unfavorable to the widest liberty which woman has yet dreamed of. I would give her all she asks, and add a great deal more, which she will not be the party to demand, but which men, if they were generous and wise, would grant of their own free motion. For instance, I should love dearly—for the next three thousand years, at least—to have all government devolve into the hands of women. I hate to be ruled by my own sex, it excites my jealousy and wounds my pride. It is the iron sway of bodily force which abases us, in our compelled submission. But how sweet the free, generous courtesy, with which I would kneel before a woman ruler." "Yes, if she were young and beautiful," said Zenobia, laughing. "But how if she were sixty and a fright?" "Ah! it is you that rate womanhood low," said I. "But let me go on. I have never found it possible to suffer a bearded priest to rear my heart and consciousness, as to do me any spiritual good. I blush at the very thought! Oh, in the better order of things, Heaven grant that the ministry of souls may be left in the charge of women! The task belongs to woman. God meant it for her. He has endowed her with the religious sentiment in its utmost depth and purity, refined from that gross intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologist—save only one, who acutely veiled himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was, in truth, divine—has been prone to mingle it. I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more palpably to human comprehension, through the medium of a woman's tenderness." Then follows the passage from the mouth of Hollingsworth, with which your readers are already familiar. Hollingsworth, a man whom the author repeatedly stigmatizes as narrow and egotistical, originally a great and good heart, it is true, but hardened, narrowed, and fatalified by a fanatical devotion of his life to one idea, pedjoces to use his physical force, "that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty—to scourge these petticoated monstrosities," who have dared to dream of any other life than that which man has already assigned them, back to their places. "But it will not be needful," he complacently adds ——"The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it." The last of the true womanhood, indeed! The great shaggy monster! I wish one of his four-footed brethren of the polar regions had him in hand, to teach him on which side the "unmistakable evidence of sovereignty" lay, and that all men of his class would learn such delicate matters as the "heart of true womanhood," to work out their own destiny without the assistance of their touch. Townclubs and bachelor suppers, and the whole essence and a miserable wrong—the result, like so many others, of masculine egotism—that the success or failure of woman's existence should be made to depend wholly on the affections, and on one species of affection, while man has such a multitude of other chances, that this seems but an incident. For its own sake, if it will do no more, the world should throw open its doors to the whole of womankind, and give it freedom of life, to say nothing of the luxuries of life, to say nothing of the luxuries of life, to say nothing of the luxuries